

Special Features This Issue
"A Paddling & Sailing Odyssey Forest to Sea"
"The Launching of Fame" - "Paradox Sea Trials"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 7

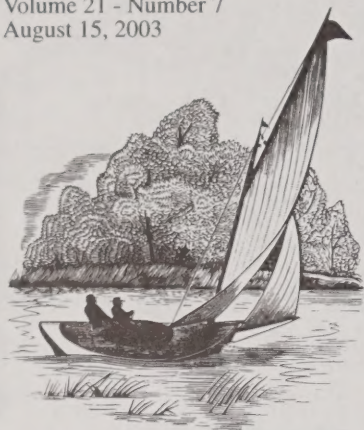
August 15, 2003



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BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



We had two launchings in our area in June, I went to both, and provide you with my reports on each in this issue. The vast gulf in boatbuilding concepts between the vessels involved was clearly made plain to me about a week apart.

In nearby Essex, Harold Burnham launched his third major traditional sailing craft from his yard next to the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. *Fame* is a representation of a War of 1812 privateer. Harold built her, as he always does, using traditional methods and materials, with a nod to required Coast Guard regulations. *Fame* follows his previous effort, the Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story* and his first venture into large scale wooden shipbuilding, the schooner *Thomas B. Lannon*.

A few miles further away in another direction, Jake Darnell and his 280 students from the 8th grade of the Galvin Middle School in Wakefield launched 25 small boats the students had built in teams under Jake's guidance in their compulsory wood shop class. Here it was plywood fastened with non-toxic glue, a whole fleet of 10 footers with rather attractive swoopy lines that caught my eye. The manner in which the topsides transitioned from the usual outward flare at the bow to an inward flare at the stern, created a sort of tumblehome torpedo stern effect. Very nice for so simple a construction technique.

Well, that curve in Jake's simple design was easily achieved by bending the pre-cut ply sides around a midships frame and pulling the ends together at each end in alignment. The ply just took its course in two dimensions somehow giving the really catchy three dimensional curvature appearance. On Harold's project, 2" thick white oak planks had been steamed and bent into what looked like impossibly tight curves where they tucked up against the pinked stern. They were really apple cheeked, how'd he ever get that thick oak to relax into so tight a curve?

Back when Harold was a middle schooler he was already working on boats for real, he specialized for some time in salvaging Beetle cats, fixing them up and selling them. He went on to the Mass Maritime Academy and into the merchant marine, but his real love was traditional boatbuilding as it had been practiced by earlier generations of his family on the site of his present shipyard. Marriage and family caused Harold to give up the life at sea, away for months at a time, and stay at home boatbuilding full time. He undertook the building of then *Lannon* prior to turning 30, and since then he's been finding the work he wants.

Jake is a teacher, his love of small boats is that which most of us experience, but he saw a way of using it to influence the development of 14 year olds in the suburban school he came to a half dozen years ago after time spent working with disturbed and troubled youth. As a number of people have described on these pages, there's something about building boats that does seem to grab the elusive attention of this teen age group. The sheer scale of Jake's effort, involving close to 300 students over a school year in team boatbuilding boggles the mind, but Jake smiles winningly through it and is fulfilled annually at the launch party amidst all that youthful energy, supported by a school administration that has come to realize that his program has been the best thing that has happened in the school for focussing teen age attention and effort, helping them to learn skills and attitudes they will need as adults.

So here are two guys in my own neck of the woods who are doing really interesting things messing about in boats. While Harold Burnham labors on preserving old ways building fine representations of the sailing ships of yesterday, Jake Darnell labors on building character in the oncoming generation by involving them in a brief interval in their lives in messing about in boats.

In This Issue...

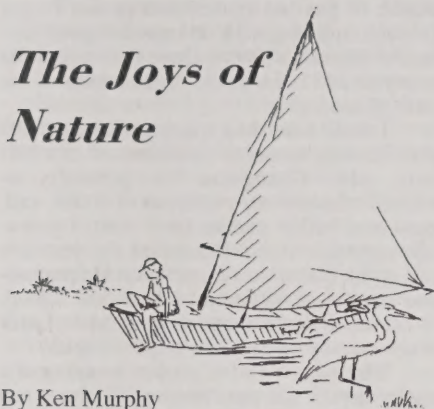
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On the Cover...

On the Cover...

Yet another launching at the Burnham Shipyard in Essex, Massachusetts as the 1812 privateer *Fame* gracefully hits the water after offering considerable resistance to sliding down the ways. The story & photos are featured in this issue on Page 8.

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Eyes of Sea Gypsies

I learned to swim rather late in life. My early teens were spent on the South Shore of Long Island at Jones Beach. I remember great times playing in the waves. They were always spectacular, and I did my best to keep my chin above the water by bobbing up and down and treading water but never any real swimming. Then, after a few visits to the more placid waters of the North Shore, I put my head down and finally learned to swim. I remember being a little shocked when I first opened my eyes underwater. Everything was blurry and I couldn't focus on any of the small fish or the life that crawled on the Sound's bottom. This was corrected when I got my first face mask, after which I spent hours drifting along watching crabs and fish. So it was a little shocking to find out that a nomadic people living on a cluster of tropical islands off the west coast of Thailand have near perfect underwater vision without the use of masks or goggles. Not possible.

An article by Rick Weiss in the June 30, 2003 *Washington Post* describes the work of a Swedish scientist, Anna Gislén. When she heard about this tribe of highly skilled divers, the Moken, known as "sea gypsies," she just had to see for herself. Taking her 7-year-old daughter and a few colleagues, she was determined to find out if what she heard about these remarkable people were true.

When she arrived she found Moken children regularly diving to depths of 75' collecting clams and sea cucumbers. Sure enough, they did their collecting without goggles and could spot even the smallest shellfish among the pebbles on the sea floor. The good doctor and her friends went to work. It turned out that her daughter served as the group's ambassador and, with her help, two groups of children were recruited, a Moken group and a European group (from among the island's tourists). Eye tests both on land and underwater were conducted. The two groups had similar visual acuity on land, but the Moken had twice the resolving power underwater. But what was going on, how could these children see so well underwater while the rest of us have blurred underwater vision?

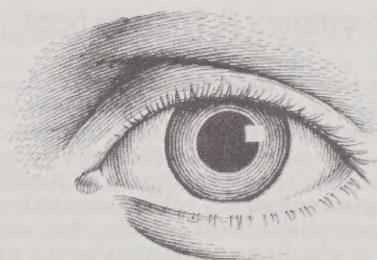
Our eyes have three basic elements that focus the entering light. The cornea and the liquid behind it, bends the light as the light

begins its passage. The pupil controls the amount of light and the dimension of the light beam falling onto the eye's lens, and the lens and its control muscles fine tunes the light to bring it to a focal point at the back of the eye. But our eyes are designed to work in air, not water. When we venture into the alien water world something quite unexpected occurs. Because water has nearly the same refraction index as the liquid behind the cornea, the light is not bent as it passes through the cornea. We try to use our lenses to focus, but the lenses, alone, simply can't do the job. So all we see is a blurry view of the underwater world!

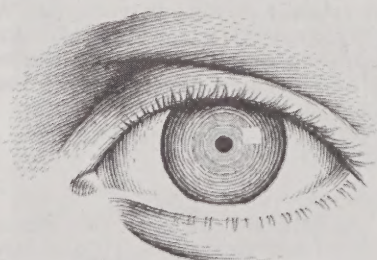
So what are the Moken doing differently that allow them to see so clearly? Well as the diagram shows, the Moken, at an early age, have learned to constrict their pupils underwater. They can intentionally reduce the size of their pupils down to an unheard of 1.96 mm. This acts nearly as a pinhole camera, reducing the dimension of the entering light beam. This has much the same effect as when we squint to try to focus better. With the smaller dimension of the entering light, the Moken can then flex their lenses sufficiently to focus.

I've heard of Indian gurus who can make one hand hot and the other cold and can reduce their breathing and heart rates to very low levels. Any such intentional control of the autonomic nervous system seems impossible to the normal person. The Moken's control of their pupils is in this class of the impossible, at least to this particular swimmer's understanding. However, Doctor Gislén has recently found that Swedish children can be trained to constrict their pupils to enhance their underwater visual acuity.

So the next time you put on goggles or face mask to see Nature's underwater world in focus, remember the Moken and be amazed what Nature can do in Her special niches that make life endlessly surprising.



Normal Pupil Size



Moken Pupil Size

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www.TheBartHathawayLegend

A number of friends of the late Bart Hathaway gathered on June 21 near his last home on the shore of Buttermilk Bay just off Buzzards Bay in Wareham, Massachusetts, for a last memorial, forming a flotilla of Bart built boats to go out to scatter his ashes on the bay. With this final act of closure on Bart's life, those loyal to his memory have now turned their attention to perpetuating his memory on the internet on a website set up for the purpose.

It is an interactive site so that persons who join in can add photos or comments, stories about Bart, etc. They can also converse with one another. To log on follow these directions:

Once on the web type in www.yahoo.com. On the home page of Yahoo click groups. When the group page opens search for TheBartHathawayLegend, spelled exactly as printed here with no spaces and upper and lower case letters as shown. Yahoo will then direct you to join and walk you through the process. You can also search on google.com for Bart Hathaway and find the link that will take you to this group.

Ellen Hathaway LaRose, Framingham, MA



Cruise/Messabout 2003 on the Thames River

All eastern Connecticut small craft folks and their friends are invited to Cruise/Messabout 2003 on the Thames River at Sail New London's Boats, Books, and Brushes Weekend, Saturday, September 6, at New London, Connecticut.

9-11am: Convene/launch/coffee & doughnuts at Mitchell College Beach located at 437 Pequot Avenue at Henry Hall, Mitchell's Admissions Office; there is a level, sandy, short pathway through the dunes on the north side of the parking lot for hand carry launching.

11am: Rowing, paddling, sailing departure for New London's downtown festival, starting off Mitchell College Beach and heading northerly to downtown New London to Riverfront Park and City Pier, holding well west of shipping channel. Tie up at dinghy dock or other areas, enjoy events, view Tall Ships, give rides to friends, explore demonstrations and displays, be part of the scene, have fun.

Thames River traffic includes significant Coast Guard, Navy, and commercial craft as well as numerous private yachts. Our small craft activity will be well west of the Thames River and Sound channels, but skippers must keep careful watch and not insist on right of way privileges or stray into Coast Guard or Navy restricted zones!

2-4pm: Picnic and Messabout, try out, observe, enjoy one another's craft and settle down for a casual picnic at Mitchell College Beach. Basic fixings and foods will be provided by organizers; please feel free to bring your own pot luck extras, especially if you have a support staff/friends/kids who will be attending. Bring a boat (or ride in one), come and see the sights!

Vessel and crew safety is the responsibility of each vessel's skipper and vessels should be self contained and self sufficient.

Small craft contacts: <jon.persson@snet.net>; <jprstratton@snet.net>; <grconklin@snet.net>; <fuzzy@hotmail.com>, (860) 388 2343; (860) 434-2534, (860) 434 7785

Adventures & Experiences...

Outa Luck at Boat Shows

We recently went to two boat shows and one wooden boat gathering without much luck. One show in Erie, Pennsylvania had been cancelled unbeknownst to us. Another took place on Saturday only, we went on Sunday not realizing it was a one day show! And the Cleveland Amateur Boatbuilding Society (CABBS) gathering had only three in attendance!

At the latter we arrived too late as a state park warden gave us some bad advice about where to launch, nearly four miles away. We tried to sail upwind for over three hours tacking across the narrow lake. We got close but had to turn back so we would be home in time. Had to go to work!

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Panama Days of Long Ago

I hit 80 last December and probably have swallowed the anchor, although I do still have a couple to munch on, one a 55lb fold up type such as used on racing boats stored under the floor boards. Not that I ever raced much, it was a gift. I also have my 10lb boyhood anchor from my growing up years in the Panama Canal Zone. My dad was a Canal pilot.

He built a 12' flat bottomed skiff, no doubt to get me committed to his larger project, building a 38' Hanna designed replica of Slocum's *Spray*. Once the larger boat was started I became the proud owner of the skiff *Quahog*.

I made numerous epic voyages down the Pacific sea channel to an island, all of a half acre, called Changame. This generally involved a sandwich, a canteen of water, sail, oars, and bailer, and an early start. I generally crossed the ship channel to the west side out of the Canal traffic, and with the prevailing northwest tradewind I made the island, 2-1/2 miles down channel, in an hour, faster if assisted by an ebb tide or a lock spill.

The island had a pocket beach and a rocky center that rose maybe 25' above sea level. This was my personal island and the farthest down the Gulf of Panama I went until the *Sagamore*, which we built during the four years I was in high school, went on her shakedown cruise.

After lunch on the island I would at the long trip back, first a series of tacks under the lee of Pt. Bruja and the leper colony across the channel to the causeway leading to some army installation, then another long tack back to the west, only to find I may have gained a hundred yards if the tide was ebbing. If this was so, after a few more short tacks I generally gave up on sailing, took down the rig and resorted to the 7' oars. Rowing against the afternoon trade winds I generally got back in a couple of hours. I learned the value of feathering the oars.

I enjoy MAIB with some of the zest I had for each new issue of Rudder back in the 30s.

Neal Small, Brooklyn, NY

Literally at Sea

I retired last March after 30 years as a journalist and am currently at sea, literally, engaged in delivering my first power yacht home to Sarasota, Florida, where I expect to arrive sometime in August. I am finding the challenge of handling (mostly docking) a single screw inboard power boat far less daunting than I had feared. I ran my father's twin screw yacht for years, but it was a snap compared to a single screw boat.

I am also finding the deadrise type hull I have eminently suitable for my purposes, recreational family cruising the shallow bays and rivers of my home cruising grounds. I am helping to fund this indulgent retirement lifestyle taking on customers with kayaks on the cabin top, by reservation. I've passed the Coast Guard 6-pack 100 ton course and now must validate my sea time to get my ticket, my immediate goal upon returning home.

As I continue south "against the flow" of summertime traffic, I'll be collecting observations for comment for some articles for MAIB, my message chiefly one of dismay at how far removed from elemental essentials are today's boats, how far from the MAIB principle and sensibilities. This outlook was most recently re-affirmed by the name on the transom of one modern bleach bottle yacht docked in Portsmouth, Virginia, *Floating Condo*. The owner was at least candid. I suspect that she rarely leaves the dock because if she's not up on a plane I imagine that she's nothing more than a wallowing whale of a vessel.

Allan Horton, Beaufort, NC

Messing About In Bits and Pieces

I was planning to go to Sault St. Marie Ontario in May. I would go with my bride to a dog show and spend the days paddling in Lake Huron's North Channel. I was planning a solo trip to Moab, Utah to do some paddling on the Colorado River. I was hoping to meet Jim Thayer on that trip and compare notes on boat building.

The best laid plans are often changed by a woman. Just before Easter my bride of forty three years had a stroke. Our lives were changed. Our spring plans certainly were. She is still in a St. Paul hospital as I write this. I'm not sure when she will come home or what condition she will be in when I become the main caregiver, but I have decided that her condition need not stop me from boating. My boating will for a time be much closer to home.

While she is still under the care of a bunch of very capable nurses, I find it fairly easy to get away and paddle. Lake Nakomis is midway between my home and the St. Paul hospital. I have had a love affair with this lake since before I ever met my bride.

She and I have both been on an emotional roller coaster and I have found that if I bring one of her dogs to the hospital that is her best medicine and a little paddling seems to be mine.

The newest boat that I built to play in the Colorado seems to be a very good free style boat. I have been playing around with the free styling thing for a few years and now it seems to be very good therapy for me.

Several times recently when the weather was right, the dog and I would leave my bride in the care of the nurses in time to watch the sun set at Nakomis. The park where I launch is lit well enough that I don't get lost as I do my pirouettes around the lily pads in the dark. A few nights back I watched the moon eclipse from the lake. What a wonderful place to view it from.

Even though I have been doing a lot of traveling in the last few years, I have been preaching to folks the idea of getting out and paddling close to home. When you learn to do this you will get more boating in. I am being forced by circumstances to stay closer to home but that doesn't have to stop me from messing about in boats.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

Notes from Maine

This has not been a good winter on the boat building front. First of all, work took up way too much time. I have come to the conclusion that I just don't care for it. I am trying to convince Mindy that since she likes her job, she should keep working and let me stop. The other problem was the weather: Cold with lots of snow. My shop is a 12' x 32' building heated with wood. We had many nights of below zero F and it takes about two hours to heat the shop and tools up. Not very efficient with only a few hours to work.

I am trying to finish up a Bolger Cartopper (11'6" x 4'). It's almost impossible to work with epoxy in the shop. I got fed up with making plastic tents over the work and heating with light bulbs and electric heaters. So I moved the Cartopper into the cellar of the house. This is not a good situation because the cellar is already full of other unfin-

ished projects (boats). Someday, you wait, I will finish all these things up!

The Cartopper is a plywood tack & tape or stitch & glue type boat. I am not convinced that this is an easy way to build a boat. I started calling the method "curse & cry". I spent a lot of time trying to get things lined up and the boat is covered with duct tape, coat hanger wire, chewing gum, bricks and whatever. Things look just about right; the transom just has to be adjusted a little...that makes the stem twist and the bilge panel is out of alignment! So I start over.

I think next time I build a tack & tape boat, I will build a jig or frame to hold everything together. Lofting would not be necessary if the designer gives the shape of the panels and the body plan. Building molds set up on a ladder frame in the traditional way would save lots of time and trouble later. Sounds like too much work. But if you are working alone and there is a lot of twist in the panels, it may save your sanity.

Speaking of sanity, there is a time when building a boat when I think boat builders are stupid! Why put yourself through this agony? Go buy a used aluminum skiff, put the old outboard on it and go fishing! I have a method of staving off this feeling. When I build a sailboat, I build all the spars, the rudder, the centerboard, whatever, first. There is nothing worse than seeing that gleaming hull in the corner of the shop and knowing you're only about half done.

Speaking of half done. In the corner of the cellar is a half planked lapstrake rowboat of a really sweet model. The boat and I have problems. I know how to fix the problems, but I have lost my spirit. Starting to feel stupid again and getting in the old aluminum skiff mood.

Starr Blake, Reprinted from *SWBANS Newsletter*

Projects...

Gilligan Chair

I thought readers might get a kick out of this photo of the Gilligan chair that came about because my wife persuaded me to get involved in a charity auction for the American Red Cross. Each participant was given the same basic chair to paint/modify as they saw fit. I was at first reluctant as my "honey do" list is long, but once I arrived at this concept there was no turning back. Enjoy your summer and be well!

Brad Faus, York, PA



Information of Interest...

Too Much of a Good Thing

We have been having a great deal of fun publishing our *Rowing News*, rowing's leading magazine, this year and the feedback we have received since unveiling our redesign in February has been overwhelming.

But many readers have been overwhelmed by the magazine for another reason, the new *Rowing News* has become too much of a good thing. It's something we didn't anticipate when we beefed it up to 80 pages per issue, 18 issues a year, and packed it full of in depth features and the best rowing writing around. There's just not enough time to read one issue before the next one arrives.

So as part of our efforts to keep improving, we will make the move to monthly in 2004. Once again, we plan on increasing the page count so readers can expect even more original content from the rowing world at large. The monthly *Rowing News* will be thicker, 132 pages, but will have the same high quality features, photos, columns, and compelling views on the sport as before.

We're also happy to announce that *Rowing News* is now available on newsstands. Since our first test stores have almost sold out of issues, we will be contracting with magazine distributors to make *Rowing News* available in retail locations across North America. *Rowing News* is also now sold on amazon.com.

Chip Davis, *Rowing News*, Post Office Box 831, Hanover, NH 03755, (603) 643 0059

Best Rum Cake Ever

- 1 or 2 quarts of Rum
- 1 cup of butter
- 1 teaspoon of sugar
- 2 large eggs
- 1 cup of dried fruit
- Baking powder
- 1 teaspoon of lemon juice
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups chopped nuts

Before you start, sample the rum to check for quality. Good isn't it?

Now go ahead. Select a large mixing bowl, measuring cup, etc. Check the rum again, it must be just right. To be sure rum is of the highest quality, pour one level cup of rum into a glass and drink it as fast as you can. Repeat. With an electric mixer beat 1 cup of butter in a large fluffy bowl. Add 1 seapoon of thugar and beat again.

Meanwhile, make sure that the rum is of the finest quality, try again. Open a second quart if necessary. Add 2 arge leggs, 2 cups fried fruit and beat till high. If fruit gets stuck in beaters, just pry it loose with a drewscraver.

Sample the rum again, checking for consicistcity. Next sift 3 cups of pepper or salt, (it really doesn't matter). Sample the rum again. Sift 1/2 pint of lemon juice. Fold in chopped butter and strained nuts. Add I babblespoon of brown thugar, or whatever color you can find. Wix mell. Grease oven and turn cake pan to 350 gredees. Next pour the whole mess into boven and cake. Check the rum again and bo to ged.

Anonymous

Schooling having been interrupted by injury, I was now able to do some sight-seeing before heading home. Our family is typical of the old New England ones where the lines between actual relations and courtesy aunts, etc. get really confused. Growing up in a multi-generation household is a mixed blessing. On the one hand there's always likely to be at least *one* adult to take your side in a situation. On the down side, there are always several adults to keep tabs on your whereabouts and filter dubious behavior to the parental unit in charge of discipline. One of the benefits has to be in the widely far flung relations. Residents from La Chine, Quebec, to Bombay, India, Pilot Mountain, North Carolina, to Stratford-on-Avon, England.

It was in fact a friend of "Aunt" Aggie Higgins from La Chine that I was to pay a visit to. Miss Smythe lived in a tiny cottage on a branch of the famous river. Retired from teaching at some private (public) school, she was forever hosting friends and friends from away. It was understood that *I would* go to stay with Miss Smythe at the first break from school in late May or early June. My grandmother had, in fact, packed an antique serving platter into my trunk as a house guest gift. Talk about carting coals to New Castle!

She was then in her mid-50s, perhaps younger than I am now, heavens, she sounded *so old*. Typical of a certain sort of blue stocking woman, she preferred not to marry and had a ginger cat for company. She rode at a local stable and was an avid punter. Between the rowing, poling, and riding she was fit as a whip and twice as sharp. Wearing tan breeches after years of suits, she messed about in her boat dressed to ride, tall canvas topped brown rubber field boots kept her feet dry.

I arrived at the local station to be met by her in a Mini Minor, must be the same Cooper Mini that's been reissued as a popular retro car. We went first to the stable where I was outfitted with a sturdy hack for the next day's riding. Then we met some friends of hers "from university" at a canalside pub for dinner. There was a lot of heated discussion about some bill that was going to close a part of the river to general boating during the fall's salmon fishing.

It was my introduction to the concept of "owning a beat" or stretch of a river for the right to fish. The expressions such as "gunning or shooting" salmon seemed totally unintuitive. It was a lively debate, the man wanting to not be inconvenienced by boaters



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Row Your Boat

Part 3: Punting

rowing rough shod over HIS beat, and the small but eloquent Miss Smythe making the case for riparian rights of the boating public. The gentleman's wife incurred his disfavor by siding with her old roommate, Miss Smythe.

When we arrived home to the cottage, I could see why the lines were drawn. The river was a treasure. Its banks graduated from wildly overgrown to carefully tended by certain estates. In places people, like the gent at dinner, had contrived to manicure a wild look or rustication of the stretch they controlled. The Queen, with the leases or beats being granted centuries in the past, for service to the Realm owned much of the river. It made no sense to this American that you could own the land down to the water but could not fish from it, as someone else owned that right. I've probably gotten it totally confused, but it was a hot topic at dinner.

Before bed every evening Miss Smythe would go out for a row unless it was blowing a gale. We went out in her oddly shaped squared off boat. She had both spoon bladed oars plus a long pole for maneuvering up into the reed beds and backwaters to go birding. Out about 200' from her little covelet was the

main river. Broad and smooth, a perfect place to get aerobic exercise, which hadn't become vogue yet. She just went out and worked up a solid glow. I think she taught sociology, as she was fascinated with the "native people" of Canada and North America. She extolled the benefits of sweating out the impurities and washing before bedtime.

After our morning ride we were back on the river for a picnic lunch upstream. I was instructed on how to breath and row. Wait a beat and dip the oars in again. Counting softly she got me into the rhythm, a gentle lady coxswain. Once we had gone as far upstream as needed, she took out the pole, standing on a broad seat aft she pushed us into what looked to be an impregnable wall of reeds. Soon we were on a smaller narrow stream. Osier and wateroaks made progress difficult, but soon the banks grew further apart and the grassy hummocks became less dense. I was shown the slippery slide of an otter family, homes of wrens and thrush. A lightning blasted oak tree proved to be the home of a barn owl. We sat and ate our tinned meat (Spam?) and mustard pickle sandwiches surrounded by total silence.

After ten minutes the birds began to call out to each other. Plops and splashes indicated muskrat activity but none was seen. It's odd that neither one of us mentioned *Wind in the Willows*, perhaps it was just SO EVIDENT it went without saying. Returning home I got to try poling and almost ended up, as you can imagine, stretched out over the stuck pole and the departing boat. Once back I think we went into town for tea, the English equivalent of an early supper. I know there was a wonderful antique store where I got my grandmother a brass candleholder. Thinking that we'd done our stint on the water for the day, I was getting into my night clothes when, with a knock on my door, my hostess said, "aren't you going to come for the evening row?"

From there to the tidal estuaries between Great Neck and Plum Island has stretched a span of 30 years. In the 31st year I was once again in a boat rowing on the water. Kurt's Melonseed skiff is a perfect rowing craft. I more often play the coxswain and man the tiller as he rows. Now and then when the wind dies on us a ways from home, or the tide and wind conspire to send us to Portugal, I'll be told by the Captain, "break out the ash breeze Matey." "Arh, Sir, right yer are soir! A bit 'o grog for the crew first soir?"

Merrily merrily, life is like a dream.

Interested in traditional small boats?

JOIN TSCA!

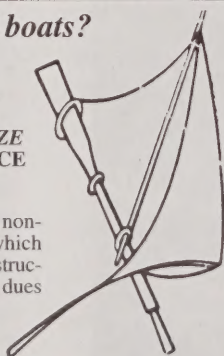
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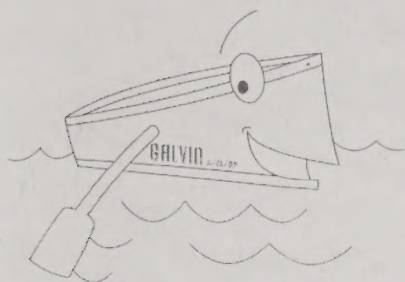
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REGATTA

2003



Galvin School Regatta

By Bob Hicks

Jake Darnell called me up in early June, about a week before his annual Galvin Middle School Regatta in nearby Wakefield, Massachusetts, to invite me to drop by once again. I did a major story on his school boatbuilding woodshop program five years ago, and revisited it again two years ago, so what more, I asked, can I expect to be able to report on?

"I've got a new design you'll have to see and we have 25 completed boats ready to go," he explained.

Well, I accepted his invitation and, submerged in the energy field generated by 280 14 year old 8th graders partying on the shore of Lake Quannapowitt, I was captivated again by how Jake has been able to motivate so many students to build real small boats as their required woodshop course for the year. They work in teams of about 8 and there are 8 shifts over the year if I remember correctly. That 25 boats were finished, including painting, ready for the regatta, speaks well for the dedication of many of the students.

Jake's new design, for double paddle propulsion, is a sleek little craft, a double ender with swoopy tumblehome from amidships aft. It features a backrest ergonomically designed, from 2002 experience, to provide good back support for energetic paddling. Jake says he lucked into a source of 10' x 4' lauan ply this year which eliminated need for scarfing panels to get the full 10' length, which reduced up the construction time, resulting in the larger number of completed boats.

Jake's initial venture in designing a simple small boat for school kids to build from plywood was oar powered, and for the first years oars prevailed. But it became apparent that facing backward while trying to go fast was not an easily learned skill at race time, and so he settled upon the double paddle design. The girls had set the fastest times last year, which indicated that technique, rather than brute power, best served this boat.

The regatta format is two up match racing off the beach out to a turnaround buoy and back, with times kept to determine the overall winner. Not your everyday school



sports contest. The young people all get into the spirit of it all and some display quite skilled control of the boat, while others, of course, do tip over the very stable boat and enjoy a brief swim in the shallow lake waters off the beach.

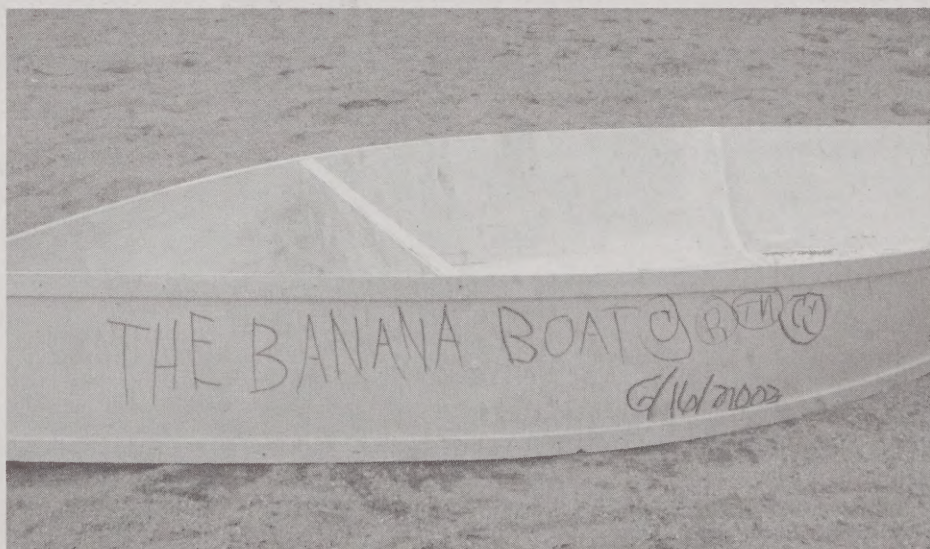
What happens to the boats? Some are taken home by students, others get sold to interested persons for the cost of materials (about \$25 each). Jake one way or another manages to dispose of each year's fleet before the next school year comes around. And his unique approach to teaching these young people not only basic woodworking skills, but also responsibility and teamwork, continues to enjoy full school support. No other single school program has so motivated these teenagers.

Left: Jake Darnell and his 2003 Galvin School Regatta small boat design, it's getting pretty sophisticated looking for a middle school student built boat.



Much effort, if not technique, displayed in one close heat.

The Banana Boat shows the interesting way in which the side panels flip over to reverse camber from amidships back, giving a snappy tumblehome speedboat look to the hull.





Splash, *Fame* is afloat at last, heeling in her pendulum swing back from the side on which she was launched.

On June 14 just after midday, the War of 1812 privateer replica *Fame*, built by Harold Burnham for Michael Ruttstein, took to the water before a large crowd gathered at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, Massachusetts. The crowd was not only large, estimated at about 1,500, but also very loyal and patient, for it was not to be a quick and easy launch. But the inexorable outgoing tide was not going to be so patient about delay. It took about 90 minutes of very hard labor on the part of a few of Harold's loyal friends to persuade *Fame* to enter her proper environment.

The building had been going on since the keel laying ceremony last Labor Day (MAIB November 1, 2002) in Burnham's yard just across a tidal creek from the Shipbuilding Museum. An arrangement had been made

Last minute cutting away of some keel wood to improve the flow of water to the propellor. Yes, *Fame* has a Diesel for it is 2003 and not 1812.

The Launching of *Fame*

By Bob Hicks

so that the Museum could use Harold's traditional shipbuilding project as a sort of living history exhibit for museum visitors. They could view the progress at any time from across the creek, or visit Harold's yard twice a week on noontime guided tours. When the launching date was announced, many of these visitors came back for the grand occasion.

By late morning all the last minute details had been dealt with, including the final setup of the extra side way on which *Fame's*

turn of the bilge would rest when she went down the ways, for Harold was launching her as generations of prior boatbuilders on the site had done with the fishing schooners they built for the Gloucester fishing fleet.

Fame's draft of a bit over 6' was not so deep as the 100' schooners', but by being launched tipped over to one side, she'd hit the river with momentarily shallower draft so as not to stick her keel in the mud. Good thing on this occasion, for by the time *Fame* did go in, the tide had dropped almost 2' off high.

When owner Mike Ruttstein stepped up onto a makeshift platform in Harold's yard in his 1812 garb to address the assembled multitude across the creek, the crowd quieted down and heard out his explanation of what this all meant and how they all were invited to come over to nearby Salem later in the summer and sail with him on *Fame*. *Fame* will be sailing from Pickering Wharf on the historic Salem waterfront, taking tourists out for sampling how it was aboard a Salem vessel 200 years ago.

The first order of business was to tilt *Fame* over onto her larboard bilge onto the adjacent way set up to hold her initially at about 20 degrees off vertical. The bilge way was shorter and had a steeper incline than the keel ways so that as *Fame* went down the ways she'd lay over further and further, hitting the water at maybe 45 degrees, maybe more. Once afloat her keel ballast would right her well clear of the shallower mud bottom near the river banking. The tilting was accomplished by coordinated adjusting of jackstands alongside the hull, as those on the side towards the bilge way were lowered those on the opposite side were raised. Soon *Fame* rested cockeyed on the ways, it was time.

What were intended to be the final blows driving the wedges to lift *Fame* off the blocks so she'd slide down the ways began and soon she started to slide and a roar arose from the crowd. But she stopped within a couple of feet and the roar died down. More sledgehammer blows, another couple of tentative moves by *Fame* leading to little. The crowd now held





Last minute construction of the way along which *Fame's* hull would slide in the sideways launching.



Owner Mike Ruttstein, duded up in 1812 garb, addresses the crowd.

back its urge to cheer and settled down to see what now, Harold?

After it became apparent that she was not going to go willingly, building jacks were brought out and braced diagonally against her forefoot. These achieved limited results, but as soon as *Fame* moved a bit the jack would fall away and have to be set up all over again against renewed bracing on the ground. After the first couple of one foot lurches, the crowd again settled back, eager to cheer but frustrated. But not as frustrated as Harold Burnham. At one point I realized he had about used up his options when I saw him pushing on the bow. It was looking like maybe there just wasn't enough "down" in the ways for her to slide down.

With no heavy equipment available and access pretty much blocked anyway by all the shipyard clutter, resort was made to a tow by an outboard skiff with 115hp Honda power. What appeared from afar to be a pretty skimpy line was passed to the skiff and the operator took up the slack to put a strain on the vessel while the jackers jacked away at the bow. No luck. Resort was then made to the running leap impact approach and the skiff roared off under full throttle until it reached the limit of an oh so stretched line, when it

leaped about like a dog on a leash until the line snapped with a sharp report and whipped back over *Fame*.

Even when Phil Bolger and his wife Susanne, who had motored over in their outboard skiff from Gloucester, hooked up with the other skiff, no success was achieved. Phil's no advocate of big outboard power so this was no surprise.

So it was now all up to the jackers, and those guys dug in with true grit, hefting *Fame* along a foot at a time, each nudge requiring relocating the jack against ever new bracing on the ground. Time was running out, the tide was now accelerating its drop, two feet of wet piling showed on the nearby dock. *Fame* could not sit on her side like this awaiting the next tide, that side way was meant to only momentarily hold her weight as she slid along it, would it sustain it for 12 hours? On they labored and as *Fame* approached her balance point she teetered momentarily. The next nudge did it and she tilted back steeply and dropped off the banking to the water now two feet below her keel and with a mighty splash entered the river to the cheers of the crowd and the great relief of all those working so hard to launch her.

Harold Burnham builds his boats the way they used to build them, and launches them the same way. And when trouble arises, his many friends in Essex come to his aid, and that's what he told me when I offered him brief congratulations after the launching and remarked on the true grit those tough Essex guys had displayed so as not to let him down. "I've got some wonderful friends," Harold said. Indeed.

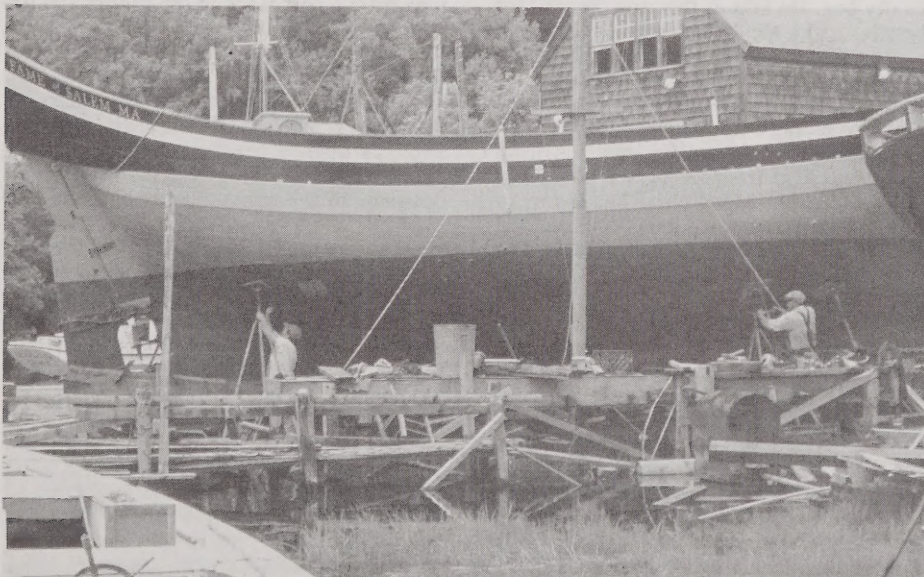


Mike's daughter christens *Fame* and all is ready

Phil Bolger congratulating Harold, Phil and Susanne came over from Gloucester to see what a sideways launching was all about.



Slowly jacking her over onto her larboard bilge.



A Paddling & Sailing Odyssey from the Forest to the Sea

By George Jacobs

Well, almost. We had intended to sail to the Gulf but, alas, the weather gods did us in. Oh, we had intentions. Goals. Desires. And we were adventurous. Fearless. Well, perhaps not. But after a day of sitting in the bottom of a wet canoe, soaked to the skin, cold, becalmed, sail raised but having to paddle occasionally, and having a constant trickle of water seep down my back, we landed a little short of the sea, er Gulf. But I'm getting a little ahead of myself. Certainly the first three days of the trip were marvelous.

Our plan was to paddle our canoes from the highest point we could put in on Coldwater Creek in Blackwater Forest and make our way, paddling and sailing our canoes, to the Gulf of Mexico. We planned to paddle the Coldwater to the confluence of the Blackwater, paddle down the Blackwater to Blackwater Bay, sail Blackwater Bay to East Bay to Escambia Bay to Pensacola Bay, and enter the Gulf of Mexico at Pensacola Pass.

I persuaded my sailing and canoeing buddies, Marv and Chris, to join me. We all have 16'-17' canoes with Balogh sailing rigs. We have been paddling and sailing together for several years. Our (very supportive, understanding) wives dropped us off at the Highway 4 Bridge on Coldwater Creek at 9:30 on a Sunday morning. It was a beautiful day despite being the end of February. The creek was very high and swift due to the heavy rain of Friday and Saturday. The canoes were heavily laden with tents, sleeping bags, stoves, food, clothes, paddles, cushions, sailing gear, cameras, portable tables, tarps, in Chris's case, a recliner (well, this was intended to be a "comfortable" cruise).

We stopped for lunch around 1:00. Marv had brought a Subway sandwich. I made a ham sandwich at home. Chris brought a big jar of peanut butter, a big jar of marshmallow fluff, and a whole loaf of Bunny bread which got pretty disfigured and smashed in his dry bag. He told us this was "lunch" for the whole trip. He then proceeded to spread huge gobs of peanut butter and marshmallow fluff on the bread with his rescue knife. He said these "sandwiches," which are called "fluffer-nutters," were very popular in Connecticut where he grew up. Marv is from Minnesota. I'm from Ohio. We all live in Florida. Neither Marv nor I had heard of fluffernutters. Gross, we thought. From that point on Chris was known as "The Fluffernutter Guy."

We paddled a total of 14 miles the first day. Marv was the chef du jour. He made marinated bourbon and brown sugar glazed pork tenderloin chops over charcoal for dinner with hobo potatoes and corn. He also brought big chocolate chip cookies for dessert. Yeah, it was arduous. Tough. Roughing it in the out-of doors. We started a crackling fire and sat up late telling stories. Some might have been true. OK, probably not. It was a dark night. You couldn't see your hand in front of your face. And it was cold. But we

were all comfortable in our tents and sleeping bags. During the night we listened to the soothing flow of water over a midstream fallen tree. And two or three times we heard the scream of a great horned owl. What a great start to our adventure!

Day 2 had us up early to a cold, overcast morning with dew on everything. We started another campfire and put the water on for coffee. We all brought "coffee on a string." Like a teabag. Marv was again in charge of cooking. He made breakfast burritos, hot sausage, onions, peppers, scrambled eggs, and salsa on tortillas. They were fantastic!! Then came the dreaded and dirty tasks of taking down camp, loading the canoes, and tidying up the sandbar. We are all sensitive to leaving a place like we found it, we don't leave trash or make a mess.

Once back on the river we paddled about two miles to Bob's Canoes where we resupplied our fresh water. Bob's wasn't open but we used his outside faucets. I had brought a water purifier but it is slow. The lower Coldwater is seldom paddled. The canoe liveries don't use it and most of the paddlers I know don't do it. So it is really like a wilderness. No houses and few accesses. No bridges. About a mile from Bob's we saw a fat beaver. He launched into the water hurriedly when he saw us. And there were two wood ducks that would take off when they saw us and fly downstream, only to have to take off again as we approached again. Ducks aren't too smart, I guess.

On one extreme bend of the river the current was driving us toward a downed tree right in the center. These are called "strainers" by canoeists because they let the water through and hold on to everything else. Both Marv and I nearly got "strained." Between the high water, the fast current, and our heavy loads, it took everything we had to avoid taking a swim and probably ending the trip at the same time. Chris saw our clown imitations and stayed close to the opposite shore.

We arrived at the confluence of the Coldwater and Blackwater Rivers around noon. That section of the Blackwater is wider and much deeper than the Coldwater and the color is, indeed, black due to the tannin in the water. We had to paddle another hour before we found a place for lunch. Chris had his usual fluffernutters. Marv and I both had tuna from a bag. Back in the canoes and we stopped at a small sandbar known as Ski Beach around 3:00 after having paddled about ten and a half miles.

We just got the tents set up when some lady came walking down the beach with two dogs, an opened beer in one hand, and an unopened one in the other. She had arrived upstream in a small outboard boat. She was very interested in our canoes, our camping gear, and our trip. She had a look of sheer disbelief when we told her we were on our way to the Gulf of Mexico. We never did get her name. Probably just as well. She stayed until we were ready to eat. I cooked chicken breasts marinated in sesame oil and soy sauce, an envelope of Lipton rice, and a can of green beans.

We sat around the fire for a while but were all tired from the two days of paddling and our late story telling the night before so we were in the tents by 8:30. We all heard several loud splashes in the water in the middle of the night. Like belly flops. We think



Coldwater Creek



The Fluffinutter guy.

Marv, our first night's cook. Yes...a black night.



it was an alligator. There is not a big population of alligators but they are present. I used to be very fearful of gators. I've seen them a few times while paddling. But from what everyone who has experience with alligators have told me, they aren't a problem unless humans have previously fed them. But how does one tell?

Tuesday morning, Day 3, brought warmer temps but also a brisk northeast wind. We decided that we'd set up our sailing rigs, even though we were still on the river. I made pancakes and bacon for breakfast. Then the tiresome and unrewarding job of breaking camp. Again, everything was soaked from the dew. I decided to set up the boat first. Since all the sailing rig was broken down so we could transport it in bags, we had to attach the ama bladders (outriggers) to the akas (outrigger arms). I quickly broke a strut. Fortunately I had a spare. While attempting to attach the spare strut, I broke a strut mount. But Murphy, you ain't getting to me. I also have a spare mount. So, the three of us spent about 30 minutes repairing my rig.

By the time we broke camp, rigged our boats, and started down river, the northeast wind we so badly needed to go southwest was gone. So we had to paddle. And these boats don't paddle well with the sailing rigs. We made it to downtown Milton in about an hour and stopped at the Navy Recreation Area for fresh water, ice, and beer. When we left there, the forecasted 10-15 knot wind out of the northeast was about a 7 knot wind out of the south, the direction we were trying to go. More paddling. Finally the wind veered north again and we could make some progress.

After going under the Hwy 90 bridge, we had to remove the masts to go under the railroad bridge. Interestingly there was a nearly indecipherable 1979 sign on it that stated 24 hours advance notice is required to have it open. OK. Once on the south side of the railroad bridge, the wind picked up nicely from the north and we sailed the approximately 10 miles to Escrimano Point (the dividing point between Blackwater and East Bays) in about two and a half hours.

We camped on the south side of the point, out of the wind. That may have been a

mistake because after we had everything set up we were attacked by little black biting bugs, sand fleas, I think. Cutters spray did nothing to discourage them. Covering all exposed skin and sitting near the campfire seemed to help. Chris cut up some Vermont cheddar cheese and served it with Wheat Thins. I later heated up some chili that I had made at home.

Marv and I sat up while Chris went to bed. We both saw a very fast white flash across the sky. And to think we were close to Gulf Breeze, the capital of UFO sightings!

Day 4. Marv and I were up early while Chris slept in. I made scrambled eggs, sausage links, potatoes, and English muffins for breakfast. The little black bugs were again out in force. We ate by the campfire, then started cleaning up, packing, and loading the canoes. The forecast wasn't good, southwest winds, 10-15 and gusty, 80% chance of showers and thunderstorms. We had to transit East Bay, a large and open body of water maybe five miles wide and five miles long, and cross under Garcon Point Bridge into Escambia Bay, another open body of water. Getting caught in a storm out in open water in a canoe would not be fun. And of course the wind was forecast from exactly the direction we had to go, southwest.

We launched around 8:45 and had to paddle to get out of the lee of the point. Once in the open the wind was actually from the east. Not bad. However, the waves were already pretty big. I got soaked frequently as the waves sent spray into the cockpit. But the winds died after about a half hour and it started to rain. I donned my rain coat and PFD and started to paddle.

I had brought three cameras to record our trip; a digital camera to send pics over email, a "point and shoot" 35mm for color prints, and a good SLR with slide film. I kept them in a waterproof box. In the rain I couldn't take any pictures.

Eventually the wind picked up, again out of the east. After almost three hours of sailing and paddling, we stopped at a muddy place called Stone Point and discussed our strategy of getting under Garcon Point Bridge. We decided to take the closest, shore side span

(instead of sailing to the center arch), however, we didn't know if we could clear our 14' masts. Once on the other side, we agreed to sail for the 17th Street boat ramp at the end of the Three Mile Bridge in Pensacola, a distance of about seven miles.

Chris was first to try the span. It didn't look like the mast would clear. He turned back, stood up (no, I wouldn't have done that), lowered the sail, and lifted three sections of the mast off, paddled under the bridge, then tried to replace the mast. It just cleared. So Marv and I just sailed underneath.

Looking across to Pensacola it was very foggy. We could make out the new, multi-story condominium on Scenic Highway and headed for that. I quickly took a compass bearing just in case the fog closed in. Chris had a GPS and apparently decided to sail a more direct route to the end of the Three Mile Bridge. Marv and I wanted to get across quicker, considering barge traffic, a possible storm, rough seas, and the fog.

It started raining harder and the wind nearly died. I was soaked. Every few minutes I had to bail out the canoe. Paddling helped, but not much. Occasionally we'd get maybe 4-5 knots of wind that lasted a few minutes. After about two hours we were about a mile away from the ramp when the wind increased to about 10-12 and we virtually flew into the sandy side of the ramp. With everything wet, and the weather and our spirits deteriorating, we declared the trip over and called our very supportive, understanding wives to pick us up.

In all, we had paddled for two days and about 25 miles, and sailed for two days and the same distance. We started in the Blackwater Forest in little more than a swollen stream, maybe 25' wide, transited two rivers and three bays and arrived in Pensacola on a bay three miles wide. The canoes performed flawlessly, carrying hundreds of pounds of skippers and cargo through fast and twisty currents and over large swells. Although cold and wet and a little short of the sea, we were satisfied. The simple pleasure of canoeing with friends cleanses the mind, relaxes the body, and restores faith, optimism, and positive attitudes.

Marv and Chris on Coldwater Creek.



The author on Coldwater Creek.



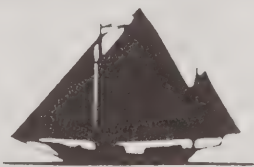
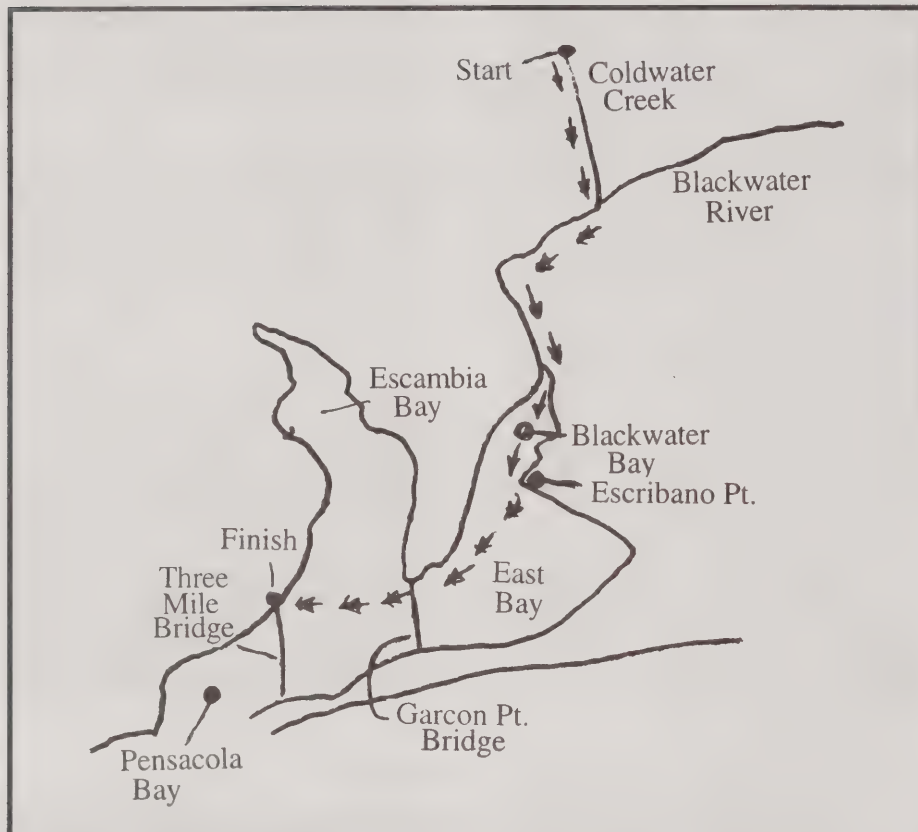


"Ski Beach" campsite.



Chris in Blackwater Bay.

Campfire and sunset at Escribano Point.

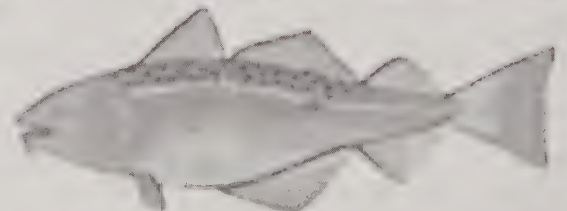


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"My, that was a looong swim, wasn't it?" The lady's chirping comment rained upon my waterlogged ears from the lofty dock alongside which, clad only in my BVDs, I was slogging through the slurry of turtle grass and sandy mud cementing the eastern shoreline of Sarasota Bay, Florida. Her words tinkled like the little ice cubes floating in her almost empty cocktail glass. Startled, I looked aloft in dread as she took in my near nakedness with obvious delight, if less interest. After all, as a skinny 14-year-old I hardly qualified as a youthful suitor of the same stripes as the buff, tanned lifeguards and tennis instructors who staffed her club.

It was dusk, 15 minutes after sunset, and there was nothing to do at that point but continue my dripping hike ashore, taking care my bare feet didn't stab an oyster or pen shell, a particularly nasty bivalve that buries itself in the mud, leaving just the thin, toothy margins of its shell exposed. Stepping on a pen shell while wading invariably results in nasty cuts with bits of shattered shell left to fester in a bare foot.

I had to ask, "How long have you watched me?"

"Oh, ever since you left your little boat and began swimming," she said. And she'd never called a soul, just sitting and enjoying this new diversion of the sunset hour. I might as well have been a flamingo or other exotic bird.

It had been a long swim, nearly a mile from the middle of the bay where a sudden gust had ripped a gooseneck fitting through the too thin aluminum tubing that served as a mast, kiting the sail and boom downwind. It was a demoralizing end to a first sail on my father's new yacht tender and indelible proof the dinghy maker's claims were as flimsy as the mast.

Having already graduated from a Penguin to a Lightning, I had felt fully capable of handling anything as dinky as this 10' toy and, accordingly, had set out with high hopes for a brisk test of a shiny new vessel. That I had sailed entirely too far from home and help became increasingly obvious as the late afternoon sun sank.

Dutifully gathering in boom and sail and freeing both from the halyard, I stowed them in the boat. Then I tried to climb aboard to bail it out, ship the oars, and row home. But despite the manufacturer's boasts of ample flotation capacity, the accursed glass dink refused to support even my puny weight, settling inexorably lower in relentless search of the bottom where it belonged. No matter how I endeavored to balance it, its gunwales would never surface under my light burden, much less with the crew complement of four it claimed capable of floating awash. And since I had nothing with which to bail, not even a shoe, shipping the oars and rowing home was not an option.

So I ran up the distress flag, my sodden, white tee shirt, using the mast and halyard, and floated, clinging to the gunwale, as runabouts and cruisers motored gaily by, their crews lifting glasses and bottles, looking neither left nor right. And I floated until, finally, the sun sank below the Australian pines on the Longboat Key barrier island to the west. At that point, I decided a swim ashore was preferable to a night clinging like bait to the side of a submerged dinghy, drifting out New Pass where I knew large sharks hung out. I

The Albatross

By Allan H. Horton

slipped off my jeans, left the tee shirt draped on the mast, and started swimming.

It was a long swim and I mixed my strokes, even using the little known side stroke that has the advantage of offering a long glide between strokes and often floating on my back to rest. About two thirds of the way to shore I watched as a passing cruiser stopped by my dinghy, hauled it aboard the swim platform, and continued on, mast and all, into the lowering gloom. There was no point in calling out for they would never have heard me over the rumble of their diesels as they labored, though I could clearly hear every curse they spoke. "Good riddance," I thought, chuckling at their struggle to empty it of water and lever it aboard.

But not even in loss could I be lucky. By the time I had walked the mile home, barefoot, nearly naked, and thoroughly disgruntled, the intrepid rescue team, using the identification in my wallet, had called home. My father was waiting. He was not pleased.

Nothing would have it but that once showered and dressed in dry clothes, we would take his Mercedes sedan and retrieve the errant dink from its proud rescuer who magnanimously refused a reward. His reward was a reputation that would soar over the round of drinks his tale would earn at the yacht club in whose parking lot the wretched

dinghy cowered. It practically leapt of its own accord into the Mercedes trunk as though designed for so unlikely a mooring. The mast and boom rested handily on the rearview mirrors and, thus adorned, we trundled home.

If that were the end of the tale it would be just another sorry episode in the saga of a wayward sailor and a forlorn little dinghy, but there is more. In fact, half a century later, retribution rests on sawhorses just outside my office window, for about two years ago on the way to the office I passed a dingy little dinghy perched on the curb for the trash hauler. It wore a wobbly length of aluminum conduit jammed in the mast step and a be-draggled string of Christmas lights draped over the top from transom to stem. It apparently had served as a local waterfront restaurant's "nautical" holiday display.

Never one to pass up a (potentially) free boat, I stopped and asked. Yes, I could have the boat and good riddance, and it practically leapt into my pickup bed where it rested the remainder of the day. I brought it home that evening after work with lofty plans of stripping it out and fitting it as a tender for my sailboat (which, drawing only 19", hardly needs its services, but logic plays no part in a lifelong boat mania).

But as I ground out its seat ledgers, cleaned it up, and began the renovation process, it began to whisper to me of better times and bygone adventures, and today I'm convinced the dinghy that wouldn't float (to borrow a Farley Mowat title) has returned to haunt me.

I think I'll name it *Albatross*.

Suicide Mouse

By William A. Bolger

I knew he was aboard when we left the pier but there was nothing I could do. My tiny stowaway was too mobile and there were too many places of concealment. There was nothing to do but take him along on my sail.

Once we were underway, my tiny companion revealed himself and sat facing me nervously from the very forepeak of my 15-1/2' Windmill sailing dinghy. He didn't move at first, perhaps reassured by the close quarters of that junction of bow tanks and floor. As the boat lifted to the chop, however, he seemed to become uneasy and scurried under the anchor rode, out of sight, and closer to the boat's center of gravity.

I'd had trouble with mice before. I keep the boat at the bottom of the hill from my house on the York River where my pier runs from the Loblolly pine trees at the edge of the marsh out to water navigable to the small boats I favor. Mice find their way onto the covered boat when I don't sail it for some time. They are especially active in the fall.

I had to get one set of sails repaired because of holes in my hard coated sails and discard another sail because the holes were too numerous to fix. One sail was tossed because of urine stains. So it was not surprising that I had a stowaway, nor that I bore him generalized ill will.

The mouse had by now decided that concealment served little purpose and began to explore the boat in earnest, scurrying from one end to the other, jumping on deck, and dropping his residue here and there. There was nothing I could do. There was enough wind to keep me at the tiller, as the 'Mill will not self steer but will peel off downwind and capsize if left alone. I will own no more such boats.

The wind picked up and we crossed the channel. The pitching brought the mouse on deck and clearly was a source of irritation. Motion sickness was my diagnosis. He sought relief in the center of gravity, or so I imagined, trying positions high, low, and in between. Once across the channel he settled down and made no more appearances.

We had to re-cross the channel on our return, however, and this was my stowaway's undoing. When the bow lifted to the channel waves, now building wind against tide with leftover chop from right angles, he jumped on deck and made at least two complete circuits of the deck. Then, from the windward deck just forward of the crew position, he made a prodigious leap off the boat into the water. The leap was startling in its suddenness and breadth. My suicide mouse seemed to jump about 7' high and 10' out. I saw him land in the water, saw him swimming vigorously toward mid-channel. I did not see whether he drowned, got eaten by a fish, or was plucked from the water by an osprey. The latter seems most likely.

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Where is the Good Sloop *Ann-Lis*?

By Greg Grundtisch



My Uncle, William "Uncle Bill" Fleming, was the proud owner of this beautiful sloop. He found her on the eastern end of Lake Erie, near Buffalo, New York. It is said that he traded a Lightning and a little cash to take possession of the *Ann-Lis*. He then sailed her to Welland, Ontario, and through the canal to Lake Ontario.

He kept her for about 10 years at the Tuscarora Yacht Club, in Wilson, New York. Around the year 1975 or so, he reluctantly sold her to someone in the Rochester, New York area.

Over the years we lost track of her whereabouts. Sadly, Uncle Bill is no longer with us (he was known to everyone as "Uncle Bill", and there were few in this area who did not know him), so we do not have as much information about the little sloop as we would like.

For years I have looked through yards and fields in the area from Sodus Bay west to Youngstown, New York on Lake Ontario, every yard along the Niagara River and along the south shore of Lake Erie, and some in Canada, also. I've talked to many about her

hoping to find out what became of her. Still, no one seems to have seen her since 1976. She seems to have disappeared!

I am making another attempt to determine the location or fate of this pretty sloop and would like to enlist the help of the readers of *Messing About In Boats*, the best boating magazine available. With their extensive knowledge, experience, skills, and determination, maybe this fine vessel can be found.

We do know *Ann-Lis* is (was) a Danish built "Spidsgatter type, double ender. She was built in the mid 1950s, the exact date was not known for sure. She was 26' in length and a beam of about 8.5'. She was designed for cruising with accommodations for four. The cabin trunk and doghouse added a classic profile to this sloop. There was a very unique shaped "window" in the doghouse forward that allowed for plenty of light in the galley area. There were two bunks forward of the galley, the head at the bulkhead separates the V-berth forward with a hatch overhead. Most of the brightwork, which was extensive both inside and out, was of mahogany. She had solid sitka, spruce spars, a large outboard rudder of mahogany, was carvel planked, had a full keel with ballast built in, and some inside ballast as well.

Ann-Lis seemed to be a one of a kind boat. I have found similar in hull type, but her unique cabin and cockpit set her apart from them.

Anyone out there have any information or suggestions? Contact me at ndv@fantasia.design.com or Greg Grundtisch, 256 Iroquois Ave. Lancaster, NY 14086. There may be a handsome reward for anyone who can locate her.



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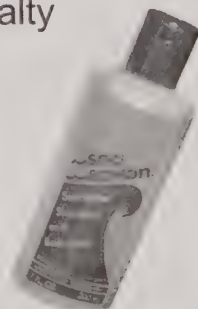
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We have been thrilled to have eight students from the Diversified Occupations program at the Middlebury (VT) Hannaford Career Center spend this winter in the LCMM boat shop building our sixth 32' pilot gig. These magnificent, fast, and seaworthy boats are the core of our Champlain Longboats program. The students have worked with great enthusiasm four days a week starting January 2 and on through launch day, May 22. The culmination of the program was the participation of the new boat and boat builders in the Spring Wave on May 31, a regional youth rowing event sponsored by LCMM. It featured over fifty students from around New England and was held at Button Bay on Lake Champlain. This year, the Spring Wave was held simultaneously with the first day of the Kids Maritime Festival weekend.

Our Annual Lake Champlain Maritime Museum Challenge Race will take place on Sunday, July 6, during the Lake Champlain Small Boat Festival. This 3 mile race is open to all human powered craft. The triangular course starts at North Harbor, crosses over to

Learning Adventures At LCMM

Barn Rock on the New York shore, travels along the precipitous palisades on the New York side, and returns to North Harbor.

Adult community gig rowing began in mid June. All taking part are invited to join the Champlain Longboats Community Rowing Club, get a great workout, explore Lake Champlain, and meet new friends! Boats leave from the Burlington waterfront and North Harbor at the museum's Basin Harbor site. Adult teams also may compete in racing events.

For the first time, we are offering a week long summer youth rowing program for teens aged thirteen to sixteen. Dates: July 28 through August 1. Join us for an exciting week of rowing and sailing on our 32' pilot gigs, culminating in an overnight adventure on Lake Champlain.

We are gearing up for a season of Champlain Discovery summer excitement. We feel blessed that our experienced and talented trip leaders return year after year. Look for us building kayaks under the open air boat building shed, June 23 through July 15 at our Basin Harbor site.

For further information on LCMM activities this year go to our web site at www.lcmm.org or call us at (802) 475-2022.

Dan Bushey bends a steaming rib into the new pilot gig.



Boat builders installing ribs in new pilot gig. L R Cari Wilsh, Beth Forbes, Dan Bushey, Jim Doolin, Lianna Tennial, Oren Rhodes, Heath Leggett, Tony Smear, and Chuckie Havens.

In March, Champlain Longboats adult teams traveled to Hull, Massachusetts, for the annual Snow Row.



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It was my view that in order to really get to know Zoë and learn her quirks I would need to spend a few days, at the very least, just sailing and living aboard her. I decided to sail from Cedar Key, Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico south to my brother Gary's home in Port Richey, where if need arose, I could effect repairs or modifications at his dock. From there I would continue to Anclote Key and then to Honeymoon Island just north of Clearwater. Rather than striking straight out across the gulf the 57 nautical miles to Port Richey my track would lead me along the coastline and afford the opportunity to explore grounds new to me.

I arrived in Cedar key on December 3rd, accompanied by my wife Nancy and my mom, just before noon at low tide and with a dieing breeze. By the time Zoë was in the water and I had her sail up there was no wind at all. After good byes all around I shipped the yuloh and headed out to the channel where a light breeze left a wind line, it was 12:40 December 3, 2001.

Mr. Yuloh and I were still not great friends at this juncture and after about twenty minutes of trying to get it to stay on it's bronze ball I decided I would either have to come up with a way to keep it there or replace it with a sculling notch upon my return home. Shortly I hit on the idea of securing a line to the base of the pivot in such a way as to leave a long tail on both sides. The yuloh was then mounted and the line tied around its shaft such that it was captive to the ball but allowed to move all around. Finally, off we went sculling down channel.

Off and on for the next hour the breeze would fill in from behind only to die away after a while and I would alternately scull and sail. The good news was that in these zephyrs of about 5mph Zoë would accelerate rapidly to between 2.5kts and 3kts as reported by the GPS.

While I was launching Zoë two men were in the process of loading their sea kayaks with camping gear and it wasn't long before I could see them paddling past and along the shoreline. I elected to get away from the shore a little in hopes of finding some wind and about 2:30 the breeze filled in from behind and held. The wind, though light was sufficient to get Zoë up to a whopping 4kts, the fastest she had sailed yet. At this speed she was only a knot away from her calculated hull speed. The wind could not have been more then 8kts at this time and the sea was very smooth.

By 3:30 I had picked out a likely anchorage in the mouth of Deep Creek and set my course for it. I caught sight of the sea kayakers, also at this time, far back and along the shore, I had regained the lead. Around 4:30 the wind veered into the northeast and forced me to come up hard on the wind for a forty-five minute beat to an anchorage in the west pass to Deep Creek. While I was beating, the kayakers caught up to me and headed into the west pass where there appeared to be a small hammock suitable for camping. I elected to give them some privacy and altered course for the east pass.

After getting my anchor down and while setting about the evening chores I noted the kayakers underway behind me paddling to the east. It was now 5:30 and the sun was setting. With only about 30 minutes of daylight left and no camping areas in sight their plight

Paradox Sea Trials

By Glen Maxwell



was grim indeed and I could only imagine how they would have to search for a suitable campsite in the dark. I, on the other hand, reveled in the fact that my habitat was secured to the bottom and I need only prepare my evening meal and turn down my bed, a warm and dry place to sleep having previously been assured.

For a mattress I had on board one of the inflatable type of twin size and cheaply procured from Wal-Mart prior to departure. I found that it was easily inflated with a 12 volt pump designed for the purpose but that it took all of seven minutes to accomplish the task and once the pump was removed and the mattress dropped into place it was a pain to pull it up and add more air should it be needed. However, the fit was perfect for the interior of Zoë, and once in place and properly inflated it was grand indeed to lay under the open hatch, wrapped in my sleeping bag, and watch the stars dance through the window of the hatch frame.

5:45 the morning of December 4 found me up and about and while it took seven minutes to inflate my mattress it deflates in less then one and is easily folded in thirds and rolled up to be stowed in the forward state-room along with my pillow and sleeping bag thus clearing the main cabin in as little as 5 minutes, less if I don't take the time to bag the sleeping bag. All the while my coffee has been brewing on the little gimbaled stove, which resides in the port aft locker. When brewed, the coffee is transferred into a thermos and the pot cleaned to receive more water, which is brought to a boil and poured into a large mouth thermos containing Ramen or instant rice. Once capped a hot lunch is assured with no cooking hassles.

Before I was able to put my lunch water on I noticed that the tide was ebbing at such a rate as to leave me high and dry if I did not get myself into deeper water quickly. I darted forward, weighed anchor and sculled/drifted out the mouth of Deep Creek where I once again anchored until I was ready to leave.

I finished my pre-underway chores while enjoying a first cup of coffee and listening to a pair of loons paddling nearby. I was not

aware until this time that loons frequented this area on their migrations. By 7:10 I was underway, having stowed the ground tackle in the aft starboard locker. You may wonder what it is like walking around on deck of such a small boat. Well, it is initially like walking around on the gunwale of a canoe with the exception that, properly ballasted, the Paradox stops short (about 8") of putting her rail under. It took awhile to get my confidence up that she wouldn't get me wet, but by the end of my trip I was walking down her side deck with a retrieved anchor, chain and rode in a canvas bag with out a worry, whereas at the beginning of the trip I was hunched over the cabin gripping the mast for fear of a capsize as I went for and aft.



I left the anchorage in a 10kt breeze from the NE that allowed me to broad reach on a course that would take me out to sea about 5 miles, which I allowed as enough of a clearance around the nuclear power plant at Crystal River to be safe from their security zone should one be in place. A 7:30 entry in my log records that we were doing speeds of 4.8 to 5kts and as the winds increased during the morning our speed did likewise. By midmorning in a 12 to 15kt wind the GPS indicated a sustained speed of 5.5kts with bursts to 5.9. Later I was to note that the max speed recorded by the GPS was 6.3 but I never actually saw it that high.

With the sea state up to about 3' and occasionally rolling into our starboard stern quarter, sending spray up to and over the hatch, I decided it would be a good time to try out the below decks helm station. Folding the seat into its stowed position, I arranged my seat cushion, which has a built in back rest, to port and closed the hatch. It was simply delightful; here I was completely protected from the elements, a cup of hot coffee in one hand and the tiller line in the other as we boiled along at a steady 5.5kts. The only thing I want to add is a port in the hatch so that I can see the sail in order to properly trim while steering from below. I have left room between the end of the hatch and the solar panel for this eventuality.



The helm, while very light, had enough weather helm in it that I decided to play with getting Zoë to steer herself. To this end I tied a short section of line to the aft bulkhead through the tiller line exit hole in such a way as to allow me to put a rolling hitch around the tiller line with the other end. In this way I could add or subtract tension on the tiller line by sliding the rolling hitch back and forth. After some fiddling a degree of success was attained and I was allowed the freedom of a few minutes away from the helm to attend to such matters as reading the chart and fixing my position, pouring another cup of coffee or later in the evening fixing myself a drink. The success was limited in that any gust of wind would send her up to windward and while I was often able to bring her back by just a quick pull in the weather direction, often as not I would be required to start the fiddling all over. I deemed it unsatisfactory on a broad reach to the extent that I will fit an Autohelm 800 from my spares locker at home for the next trip so that I will be allowed to read while in transit. Later in the trip I had the opportunity to use the same setup while beating to windward and found that Zoë self-steered to windward very satisfactory as do most sailboats.

My log also records that at 9:20 the first fish of the trip was caught and landed. Of it's type I am uncertain but think it was a scorpion fish, at any rate it looked unsavory enough that I returned it to the sea, four others were eventually caught during the trip and likewise released. I will go on record that I am not a sport fisherman, lacking the patience to sit and soak a worm so to speak, but I do love a fresh fish dinner. To this end my tackle box is very rudimentary, consisting of a very heavy line, that some have referred to as weed whacker line, with a heavy steel leader on one end and a bungee cord on the other which I affix to one of the stern cleats. I'm more often then not attending to more pressing matters such as reading when a fish takes a liking to my bait which is usually just a piece of white or red rag on a suitable hook.

I'm generally made aware that I have one on when I look aft and see the fish skipping across the surface having long since drowned in the case of a small/slow one or a bow string tight bungee cord in the case of a big/fast one. For this trip I substituted a Johnson Silver Minnow for bait and light line and leader, which later would prove a mistake as I approached my brothers the following day.

Another must have for the truly indolent fisherman is a squirt bottle filled with denatured alcohol. A fellow cruiser in Venezuela introduced this item to me years ago. Once landed, a fish will often as not want to make good his escape and even if you should want this for him as well, as in the case of a barracuda, you will probably want to retain your lure. Enter the alcohol, a quick squirt down the trashing beast's mouth and over his gills will instantly transform him into a hunk of peaceful flesh, allowing you to retrieve your lure and dispose of him in the way of your choice. Lacking denatured alcohol any alcohol will do, although a doctor friend has warned me that isopropyl should not be used as it is not good for our systems, and many are the times I have had to blow a mouthful of good rum down a fish's mouth for want of denatured alcohol.

Such was to be the case the following day as I approached my brother's canal when I landed a Spanish mackerel of about eight pounds. While fumbling with the rum bottle and dangling the mackerel from the leader he succeeded in breaking the leader and making off with my lure. This was especially painful as it would have been a great dinner offering for that evening. Live and learn, no more light tackle.

Later in the day there was some excitement while sailing through the channel leading into the cross Florida barge canal. I was steering to go midway between two spoil islands and traveling at around 5kts when I saw waves breaking directly ahead of me, I might add that it is very hard to see breaking waves from the back side. Realizing it was a shallow spoil area I quickly headed up and was able to clear it, barely. Zoë almost had her first high speed grounding, an item not on the sea trial check list.

By 1:00pm the winds had fallen off and we were off the Bird Keys and the St. Martin Keys. I had hoped to stop here and do some exploring but found the tide down so far that it was dry out about a mile from the keys so I fell off and continued SE. A 2:00pm log entry reports: "for the last few hours we have been sailing over water so shallow that I can occasionally hear the grass scraping on the bottom. The water is very clear and it is amazing that we are still sailing at 2.8 to 3.2kts. This is so much FUN!"

Around 5:00pm I was able to get an anchor down behind a very small key about a mile and a half offshore amongst the Chassahowitzka Reefs. We had made good a distance of a little more then 33 nautical miles, in first moderate and then light airs, certainly a better showing then the previous days 11.8 nautical miles. I could see Crawl Key to the south about a half-mile away but decided to stay put because I was afraid if I went any farther I might not find any better anchorage and it might be worse. As it turned out the next day the choice was a good one. I had hoped to get out and stretch my legs but the tide was so high that there was nothing but saw grass and scrub to walk around in. Having only about an hour of daylight left I decided to get dinner out of the way and then catch up on my log (I record the day's events on a micro recorder and then transcribe into my logbook). After preparing a one-pot meal in my pressure cooker I wolfed it down surprising myself at how hungry I was. One of the great things about the Paradox design is that when it comes time to do the dishes, one only needs to lean over and the boat rolls down enough that you can wash up in the sea water without the need to bring water aboard in a bucket. If you do need to use a bucket, because of very shallow water or if you are dried out it is handy to stand at the back of the hatch with the bucket on the after deck while you take care of your chores.

Just as I had finished my meal the wind veered enough so as to take away the protection once offered by the small key to windward and a chop began developing. I went forward and weighed anchor, returned aft and shipped the yuloh and sculled my way into quieter waters and anchored anew. This was accomplished without tying down the shaft so the training device was working. By this time I was also much more comfortable walking up and down the side deck.

That night as I lay upon my poorly inflated mattress and contemplated the stars overhead I began to question the virtues of my bed. The air chambers were long tubes like the ones popular for floating on in pools and as such it was not as comfortable as it had been the previous night when I was so tired I had fallen asleep within minutes of laying my head down. I considered how annoying it was to inflate it while listening to the howling blower motor for an unseemingly long seven minutes, only to find that after I had put the inflator away that I would now need to get back up and add some more air. Would a good quality self-inflating camping pad be the answer? I would have to wait until I got to Gary's to get one. Other then that I dozed off feeling very fortunate to be micro-cruising in such splendid comfort aboard a little vessel of my own building and one which was so well appointed thanks to the attention Matt Layden had given her when he designed the Paradox.

The morning of the 5th found me lounging in bed as the sunlit up the sky through a light fog. A pair of loons communed in the distance and the sound of fish breaking the surface drifted over the glass smooth water to where I lay thinking of what the day would bring. The distance to Gary's channel entrance was approximately 22 miles so there was no need to hurry with breakfast and the morning chores. I reached up and slid back the hatch and peered into what little sky broke through the low fog. Switching on the VHF weather channel I was informed that the day promised to be a nice one with winds forecast from the northeast at 8 to 12kts veering into the east as the day wore on.

After stowing my sleeping gear I put on a pot of coffee and fixed myself a light breakfast, prepared a lunch of Ramen in my thermos and made ready to get underway by washing and stowing all loose gear. The anchor was aboard by 0735 and after raising sail I settled on a port tack course that would clear all hazards and take us to the entrance channel to Gary's house. What a wonderful morning sail we were having as Zoë skipped along at 4.6kts over a smooth sea who's surface was broken every now and again by startled mullet who happened to stray into our path. As we passed Crawl Key I could see that there was no better anchorage then the one we enjoyed the previous evening and it too was not very interesting at close range. I was disappointed at the lack of interesting keys for a shoal water sailor to explore along this stretch of coast.

The morning wind was steady and our point of sail sufficient that Zoë would sail herself without the need for attention long enough that I was allowed to read and watch the sea roll by. I streamed the fishing tackle from the starboard stern cleat and settled in with a copy of Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, occasionally glancing at the compass or scanning the sea in all directions to insure our own survival. This was the type of sailing I loved.

About 10:30 I glanced at the fishing line and noticed we had a fish on. It turned out to be the large Spanish mackerel I mentioned earlier. After resetting the tackle and streaming it once again I went back to my watch keeping. 12:40 found us off the entrance to Gary's house but the tide was so far out that even Zoë with her 9" draft could not get closer then about a mile. I dropped and stowed sail

and attempted to scull and pole my way in but was soon aground. No problem, I set out the anchor and made up my bunk for a little nap while awaiting the tide. What a rough life!

By 2:00 the tide was up enough that I could start the scull to windward and this I did, but I first tied down the yuloh with the training device knowing that I would be at it for a while. Along the way I passed some gentlemen fishing from a pontoon boat. We hailed each other and many kind words were spoken of Zoë and I beamed with pride as we sculled on. It took a little over an hour to cover the 1.6-mile trek up the channel to Gary's dock. As I rounded the corner of their channel I found Gary and his wife Sue waiting and waving, having been alerted to my arrival by a cell phone call just before weighing anchor. It wasn't long before Zoë was tied to their dock and all was made secure. A glance at the GPS showed a distance of 25.1 nautical miles made good for the day.

I spent the 6th of December tied up to Gary's dock while I took care of some minor problems, which had developed. One problem was the tang on the end of the boom was not stiff enough and would bend inward and occasionally bind while rolling the main up. This would cause the main sheet to be furled around the sail and lock every thing up. Of course this would happen while I was looking forward so by the time I discovered the problem I would have a mess on my hands and have to hoist the main and untangle everything. Also I found that the sail was not as easy to furl as I had hoped because as the main halyard was slacked the sail would fall making it difficult to haul in the furling line. Every thing seemed to work fine if I supported the boom while furling. The only way to do this and free up both hands to control the halyard and furling line was to let the boom rest on the coach roof while furling. I felt a topping lift would solve the problem so I rigged a temporary one to try on the remainder of the trip. At a craft store close to Gary's house I acquired some leather scraps and used them to make holsters for pens, pencils, flashlight and knife by nailing the leather to appropriate places on the bulkheads and uprights, thus ensuring they would fall easily to hand when needed.

The 7th dawned clear with a light off-shore breeze and after a cup of coffee with my host and hugs all around I walked down to Zoë and cast off. A pull on the new topping lift and the furled sail came up ready to be hoisted. The Paradox is lug rigged thereby requiring the topping lift to lie on one side or the other of the sail. I had rigged it to lie on the starboard side and attention was needed for the first few feet to insure the yard did not get on the wrong side during rising. The sail went up without a problem and we were away at 08:30. The sail down the channel and into the Gulf was uneventful and took only 15 minutes, having the wind and current with me.

Once into the Gulf I decided to sail around and explore a few of the many stilt homes that have been built about a quarter mile offshore. After picking out an interesting looking one I hardened up on the port tack and Zoë and I sailed over for a closer look. As we approached I had fantasies of living out here in the gulf on just such a home built up above the water about 12'. As I got closer the attractiveness began to tarnish, the home,

while in good repair, seemed lonely and sad, the stench of seabird guano grew more appalling with every foot we approached until when we were actually down wind the stench made my stomach churn. I quickly jibed over onto the starboard tack and made haste to depart the offensive area, so much for fantasies of stilt homes.

Once I had cleared the area enough to jibe back over onto the port tack I did so and set a course for the northern end of Ancolote Key. The idea being to approach from upwind and then fall off and sail down the coast as close as I could get to do some exploring. In this fashion, should something interesting ashore catch my eye, it would be a simple matter to round up and beach Zoë.

With well over an hour to arrival I figured I might as well get out the fishing gear and try my luck. In short order I had a line over and had settled down for a delightful morning sail. This was the first time that I had been running free on the trip and shortly it dawned on me that we were not rolling. I had been concerned during the building of Zoë that because there was no boom vang she would have a tendency to roll her guts out when off the wind. I was sailing along at 4.3kts downwind with only a very slight and by no means uncomfortable oscillation about the roll axis. After thinking about it for a little while I can only surmise that the chine runners were acting as roll dampers or perhaps the balanced lug rig is not prone to inducing roll off the wind. Whatever the case, it was a very pleasant surprise and endeared the little Paradox design to me even more.

By the time we reached the north end of Ancolote Key the wind had died to almost nothing and we ghosted along the Eastern Shore at about a knot and a half. I did manage to catch another small scorpion fish and release him. At this speed the fishing line is more trouble then it is worth so I stowed it away.

Ahead of me, a steel cutter of about 30' lay to her anchor and my track would take me down her port side for a closer look. As I approached a weather-beaten old man appeared from the hatch and spoke of his overnight passage from Pensacola. He was very proud of the fact that his old rusty girl had averaged 5 kts for the passage and having just arrived was getting ready to retire to his berth for a well-earned sleep. I bid him pleasant dreams and continued on my way.

My destination was an attractive beach near the south end and upon arrival I sailed Zoë right up onto the beach. Taking my anchor bag in hand I stepped overboard and waded ashore where I set the anchor and then walked back and made the line fast to the bow cleat. An abandoned lighthouse stands guard over this end of the key and I gathered my camera to go and have a look. I walked along the beach marveling at the absence of people. It being a Saturday I had anticipated a fleet of boats and their crews enjoying the beautiful beaches here.

Once at the lighthouse I climbed to the top and surveyed the island. Zoë lay peacefully at anchor to the west with her bow touching the beach just as I had left her. Around the south end of the island a creek opened up and led into a beautiful and protected anchorage. Across the sand spit guarding the anchorage a clean white sandy beach stretch for miles to the northwest end of the island. A



fishing boat of about 30' or 40' appeared shipwrecked up the coast a half a mile or so. On the northeastern side another anchorage surrounded by mangrove was accessible from the south and a character type cabin cruiser lay to anchor there. I took a number of pictures and then descended the long circular stairway as a young couple made their way to the top.

Back at Zoë I elected to shove off and sail around to the anchorage on the west side. Within minutes we were underway and after a pleasant sail around the southern tip I was able to test Zoë's short tacking ability as we entered the mouth of the tidal creek. The starboard tack was favored and we were able to sail almost to the shoreline, after about six tacks in which Zoë never failed to come about we found ourselves in a bay of sorts and sailed to within a few feet of the western shore and anchored for the evening.

Jumping overboard into ankle deep water, I made my way across the sand spit to the beach and took a stroll toward the wreck seen



from the lighthouse. I hadn't gone far when a light rain began to fall so I turned and headed back. Across the bay from me a man was walking northward, he waved in my direction and I waved back and continued on to Zoë where I boarded and closed the hatch to escape the rain. After fixing myself a drink I settled down with a book and was thus occupied when the afore mentioned stranger showed up alongside. I opened the hatch and greeted him. He introduced himself as Mark van Abbema, a fellow sharpie enthusiast. I climbed out of Zoë and closed the hatch to keep the rain out and we chatted about the relative merits of sharpies all the while getting soaked to the bone.

As it turned out Mark was the owner of the cabin cruiser, Heart of Gold II, anchored in the mangrove bay on the east side of the island. The previous year I had been anchored in Ft. Myers Beach where a very attractive small cabin cruiser by the name of Heart of Gold was also anchored. As it turned out she had been his and was sold to build Heart of Gold II. Mark invited me to come over the next day for a visit. After promising to do just that we parted company. As he strolled back in the rain I climbed back aboard and shed my wet clothes for dry. I looked forward the next day's visit and inspection of Mark's new boat.



I awoke the morning of the 8th to find Zoë high and dry, the tide having gone out some hours before. A fresh pot of coffee was put on and by the time it was ready all aboard was shipshape and ready to go sailing when the tide returned. I took the opportunity to do some beachcombing and walked about half-way up the beach past the wreck, which turned out to be a fiberglass inboard probably washed up during a storm. The beach here is a delight to walk on, clean white sand and fairly firm under foot. I marveled at the lack of trash so often found on Florida beaches. It seemed I had the whole of Ancolote Key to myself, the only visible signs of humanity were the fishing boats out on the Gulf and they were far enough out that their engines could not be heard.

Arriving back at Zoë I found the tide not quite high enough to float her so I set about fixing myself a big southern breakfast of bacon, eggs and grits. By the time the dishes were done we were free of the bottom. Sail was set and we ghosted out of the bay at 10:10am. It took a little over an hour in the light breeze to sail back around the southern tip and up into the mangrove bay where Heart

of Gold II lay anchored. As I approached, Mark, who had been up on the north end of the island exploring, returned and bid me welcome. Shortly Zoë was hanging off the stern along side Heart of Gold II's tender, which I might add was almost as long as she.



The first thing one notices when stepping into the saloon of Heart of Gold II is how light and airy she is. While only having a beam of 8' she has a little over 6-1/2' of headroom and large windows that light up a very comfortable interior. After a week aboard Zoë I felt as though I was in a palace. There is no bilge so you stand on the inside of the hull, which is varnished tongue and groove fir. There is a long desk down the port side and a couch that converts to a double over 7' long on the starboard side. Going forward there is a head and a pantry port and starboard and then the pilothouse. Mark plans on marketing building drawings for her so keep an eye out if you're interested in a very comfortable shoal draft motorboat with a lot of Character.

The remainder of the morning and early afternoon was spent visiting with Mark and listening to tales of his adventures after the launch and subsequent trip down the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers and across the Gulf of Mexico to Ancolote Key. It would have been easy to while away a few days exploring and chatting with Mark but my time was running short so I bid farewell and following seas, slipped Zoë's tether and set sail in a dying breeze for the eastern end of Honey-moon Island.

It was all I could do to make it to a small spoil Island about two miles north of my destination before dark but once there I was able to find shelter from the wake of motorboat traffic behind it. After getting the anchor down and dinner out of the way I settled down for a little reading before retiring. It wasn't long before the gentle motion and night sounds lulled me to sleep.

The 9th dawned clear with the barest of breezes stirring the pine needles on the casuarinas trees ashore. I had arranged to meet Nancy just after noon so I had the whole morning to make it to the haulout area. A leisurely cup of coffee was followed by the completion of my morning chores and Zoë was ready to go.

What wind there was came from the southeast and a slight current ran against us making the final leg of this trip a claw to weather against a foul tide. I took one long tack toward the northwestern end of Honey-moon Island causeway in hopes of finding shallow water and less current as well as to explore the area. It turned out to be a good choice, there was little current and the area was beautiful and full of wildlife. Tacking over onto starboard I made my way east along the causeway toward the bridge, which I would have to transit.

I positioned myself as far to weather of the center span as possible and tacked over. The current was at its strongest here and two more tacks were required to get under the bridge where all wind was lost. The yuloh practice really paid off here, as I was able to quickly put it in motion and sculling as hard as I could, managed to stem the current and get through the bridge where I was able to fall off enough to gather way under sail again.

I picked out a place on the beach that looked to be good for a haulout and nosed Zoë ashore ending my first real cruise with her. As I prepared her for hauling out I reflected on my trip and the enjoyment it had given me. There is real wonder in building a boat from scratch and seeing her floating before you after months of hard labor and it can only be eclipsed by the delight it serves you during use. Oh yes, there are still things to do, a skylight must be installed in the hatch, a chart table would sure be nice to keep the chart off the deck, a permanent topping lift controlled from below and let's not forget that all important mattress. Another real pain in the butt, literally, is the seat board. No matter which cushion arrangement I tried, it was not long before my rear end was complaining about the hardness of the seat. Problems I put my thoughts to solving while I awaited my ride home.

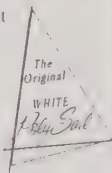


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I've read John Gardners *Dory Book* and in the pages of almost every American Boating magazine the word "Dory" seems synonymous with seaworthiness and tradition. I'd often wanted a "real" dory, but when it came to the crunch the word seemed to be used by anyone who had a boat that they wanted to promote, and the origins of the name had got a bit lost.

Even the authoritative sources showed me a multitude of types, all suited to different uses, but all authentic "Dories". So I wrote a list of the characteristics that I needed and sat down at the drawing board.

I wanted a pure rowing boat, capable of an easy 30 miles a day with camping gear and stores for a week or two on board. She should be able enough to cope with being caught out, carry two or three for a tour of the bay and be light enough to manhandle on my own. I wanted enough enclosed air space to be able to manage her in the unlikely event of her being swamped, and last but not least, she should have that distinctive tombstone transom so oft described in the historical literature.

So the Mk1 Light Dory was drawn, she was built in a hurry in November and De-

cember, and I used her for a 120 mile cruise on New Zealand's often rough and tide race ridden Kaipara harbour the following January. There are quite a few of these boats around, their owners tend to keep them for a long time and are very loyal to their craft.

One customer still has hull #2 after 16 years and strongly resists his wife's suggestion that the boat be sold off. Another spent last summer living and travelling in his, looking at the map he must have covered 4/500 miles plus the miles covered while commuting from his isolated campsites to places where he could reprovision. He was battered by high seas, enjoyed the calms in the early morning and late evenings, found he could creep into places that were inaccessible to any other cruising boats, and had endless talks with people interested in his boat and his travels. I miss mine even 15 years after I sold her.

I've learned a bit about design in the meantime, and thought that it was time the design benefited from the experiences of the years, so have redrawn her. Mk2 will be easier to build, slightly faster, have better ergonomics (seating position) and better access to the storage in the end tanks that form the buoyancy chambers. She's not so much a new design, but more a keeping of the virtues, and a refining of the other points.

Simply built from stitch and tape ply there are not many hours in completing her, and you would not find a better use for four sheets of quarter inch ply and a few sticks of wood.

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The **Versacat** has a totally flat, 7' wide, 10' long deck and is extremely stable. It may be set up for: Coaching; Fishing; Diving; Touring; or Patrolling and serves equally well as a Race Committee Boat, Work Boat, Ferry Boat, and Rescue Boat. Electric or 8 hp to 15 hp gas motors are optional with spacious below deck storage for gas tanks, batteries and gear. Optional accessories include: bimini top, "T" top, side curtains, leaning post, hand rails, and many seating options.

Unique features include: hand laid up fiberglass hulls, deck, & console; a flat deck that is dock height, very stable and buoyant even with people on the extreme ends; a high driving position with ideal visibility. A 36" wide console that provides protection for two people has ample storage inside. A two person bench seat accessory with inside storage can be attached to the front of the console.

The **Versacat** weighs under 350 lbs without a motor and takes up very little space at a dock and stores easily in a garage. It turns sharply allowing safe load transfers to and from other boats. The 30" wide hard chined hulls plane quickly, & create very little wake.

Designer: Don Rypinski
U.S. & Foreign
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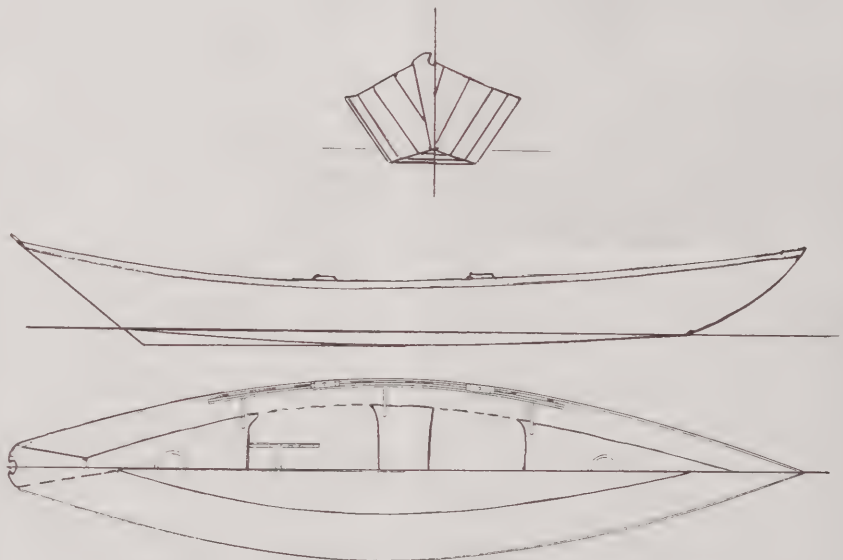


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Specs

LOA 17'

Beam 4'2"

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Successor to *Butcher Boy*

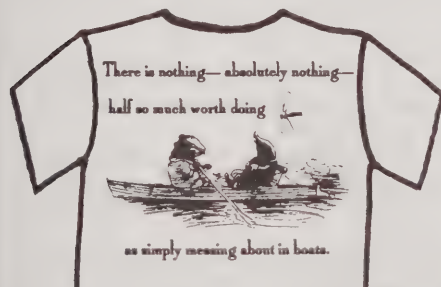
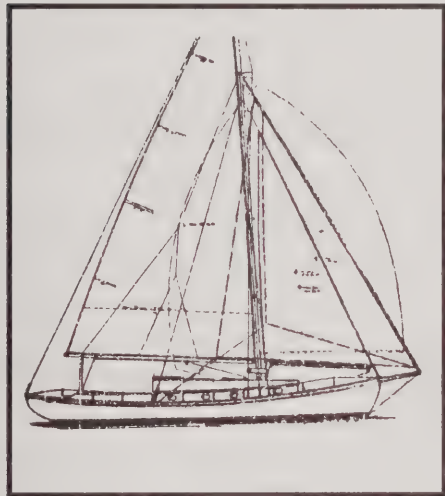
By Gordon Napier

I had read about *Butcher Boy* (April 1 issue), Lord knows where or when, well before the late 1970s, when thumbing through back issues of boating magazines I came across an announcement of a successor in *Yachting* magazine.

A.R. Pedder bought *Butcher Boy* in 1931 and later commissioned J.G. Lord, a Morristown, New Jersey naval architect, to take off her lines for a large keel version, which the Shamrock Boat Company of Mesa, California, subsequently built as *Butcher Boy II*.

I had converted a double-ended surf boat into a pretty sailing cutter with a keel and was hopped up on the success of it. After seeing the *Yachting* article, I wrote to Mr. Lord and obtained from him a set of lines and some construction details for *Butcher Boy II*, a handsome development of the original.

Our correspondence dates to February, 1980, when Mr. Lord then lived in Tilghman, Maryland, in retirement, I presume.



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Butcher Boy II A West Coast 37' Sloop

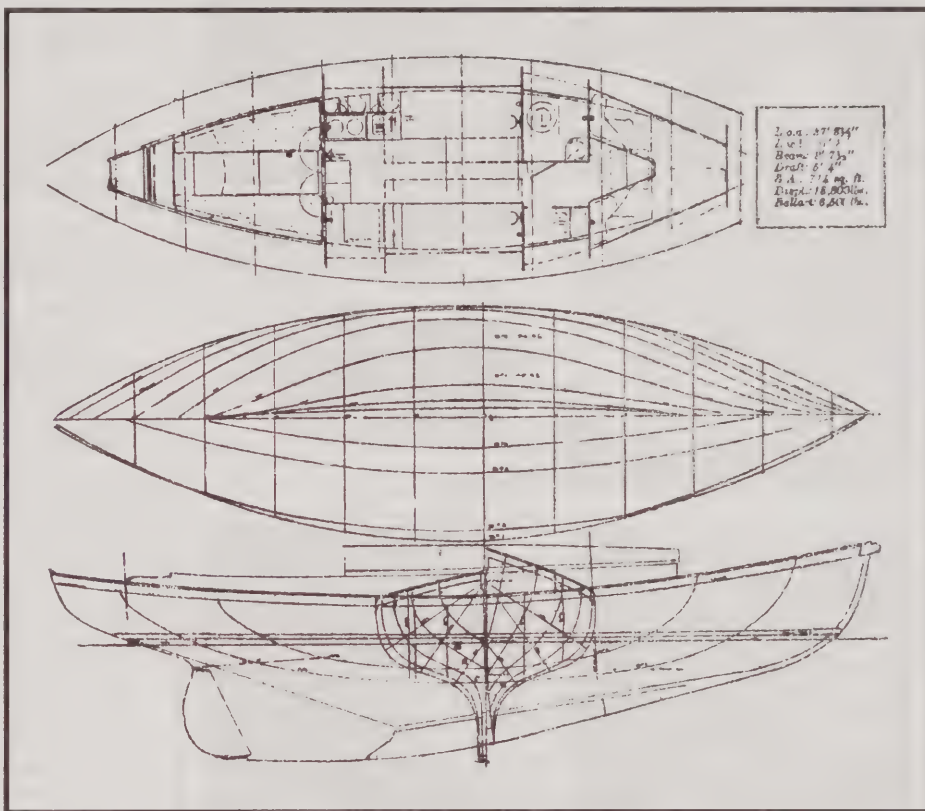
Butcher Boy II takes her name and many of her characteristics from the original *Butcher Boy*, which started life in 1903 as the fastest commercial sloop in San Diego Harbor. Her business was soliciting and delivering orders for a local butcher trading with visiting ships. A double-ended centerboarder, 23' overall, she later became a yacht and was bought in 1931 by R. Peddor, who admired her so much that in 1936 he had J.O. Lord, naval architect of Moorestown, New Jersey, take her lines off. Enlarged and altered with a keel and overhanging stern, among other features, this design became *Butcher Boy II*, built last year for Mr. Pedder by the Shamrock Boat Co. of Mesa, California.

The new cutter, shown here, besides being bigger, is quicker in stays and faster to windward than her predecessor, her owner reports, but retains the old bumboat's good

points, including unusually good speed off the wind, and she may be a contender for Honolulu Race honors. She carries 500 square feet of light canvas in addition to her handy rig of working sails.

She has a conventional four berth lay-out below, with full headroom under the trunk and a rather small cockpit. Her 22hp Gray engine, installed away aft under the bridge deck and cockpit, drives a propeller set 3" off center and carried out over the rudder. Specifications include stem, keel, and deadwood of Brazilian hardwood, oak frames, white cedar planking, bright mahogany or cedar decks, mahogany trim, bronze fastenings, hollow spars, and stainless steel rigging.

Mr. Pedder, after his first cruise in her, wrote, "She is the nearest to perfection of any boat I have ever sailed in. She has a world of comfort, close hauled she hits them without pounding and claws to windward fast, without fuss or wake. She has what I call the four impossible factors in a small boat: comfort, appearance, seaworthiness, and sailing qualities."



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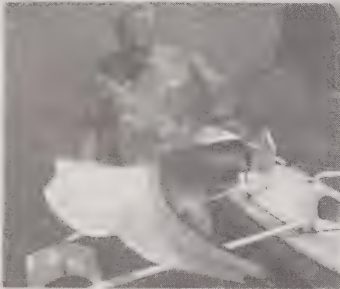
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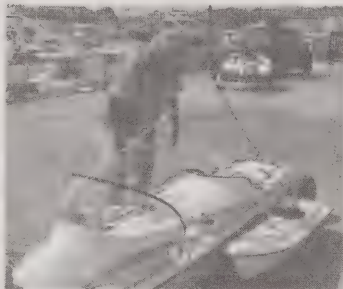
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A Lightweight, Car Toppable Two Person Folding Trimaran

By Don Rypinski



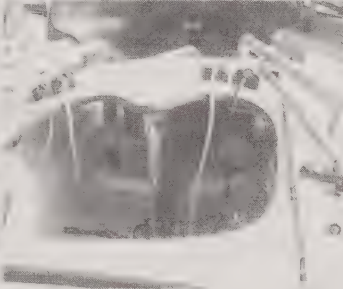
Forward and aft spray shield



Forward and aft spray shield



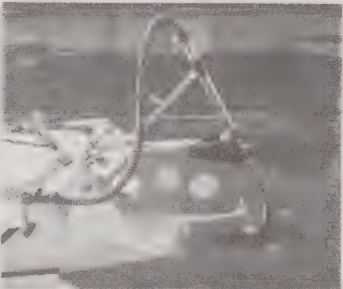
Simple loading ramp



Two person foot steering



Electric outboard up when sailing



In down position when sailing



The concept was to combine the leading edge design features of the windsurfer, kayak, and multihull into a versatile craft that is lightweight, compact to store, easy to transport on a car top, and simple and safe to use by one or two persons.

The Triton Tandem Sailer is 14' long and 12' wide when in the sailing position, 5' wide when folded, and weighs 200 lbs. fully rigged. The outrigger hulls fold back independently and it will not capsize. It has storage hatches in all three hulls and a patented wedge stern with a sweep action rudder. The rig has vertical full length battens and sail panels. There is no boom, which allows the sail to roller furl around the mast, a great safety advantage for sudden wind changes and for easy docking. Foot pedal steering leaves the hands totally free to tend the sail, paddle, fish, photograph, etc. The sail can be quickly adjusted to any size from 1sf up to 95sf by simply pulling the continuous furling line, which is in front of you on the deck within easy reach.

It can be paddled from the aft cockpit just like a kayak. For two person paddling, one ama (short hull) is pivoted aft allowing the person in the bow cockpit to paddle on that side while the person in the aft cockpit paddles on the other side.

A bracket which fastens to the rudder supports an electric trolling motor that moves the Triton along at about 5 knots for up to four hours on one battery charge, depending upon the size of the crew, motor speed, and weather conditions. It makes an ideal fishing boat since the helmsman's hands are mostly free and access to both sides of the boat is immediate without moving.

For skin diving, it is easy to board from the water and is able to hold a great deal of equipment between the forward cockpit and the aft hatch. It is possible to strap on additional diving equipment to the connecting arms between the hulls.

New small boats today are expensive and take the better part of an hour to set up. Most tend to be cumbersome to transport, require the use of a trailer, which is costly, and need a large area of accessible space for storage, particularly multi hull boats.

The sailing kayak folding design concept for the Triton was to satisfy a need for versatile watercraft which would be quick to set up and easy to operate with one or two people, lightweight enough to transport on a car top, easy to maintain, and compact enough to store in a garage over a car, on a wall, or hung from a balcony.

The Triton is light enough to be handled by one person when the hulls are disconnected. In order to not have to separate the hulls, we have designed an accessory ramp with rollers and a stern dolly which enable one person to load and unload an assembled boat on a roof rack without help.

It is designed to be easy for the novice sailer to operate safely by sail, paddle, or motor. It is constructed of the highest quality fiberglass materials making it very light, strong, and easy to transport on most cartops.

Accessories available include: Electric outboard motor, bow and stern dollies, forward and aft cockpit spray shields, canvas covers for sail, mast, and cockpits, and ramp for one person roof rack loading.

Total boat weight is about 200 lbs. fully rigged. Total load capacity is 650 lbs. It is capable of carrying two large adults weighing up to 300 lbs. each, with a separate very comfortable cockpit seat for each person. It sails like a dinghy, paddles like a kayak, and can be alternately powered by either an electric outboard (up to 5 knots speed for two hours on a single full battery charge) or a gas outboard motor. The helmsman in the aft seat can paddle the craft with a double bladed two piece paddle (stored on each side of the cockpit seat for easy access).

The Triton is ideal for teaching sailing because it is extremely easy to use, totally safe, and allows the instructor to be close by in the forward cockpit if needed. When unfolded, the Triton is 12' wide, when half-folded it is 7-1/2' wide, completely folded it is 5' wide, allowing for easy docking and storage in

small spaces. When boarding from a dock, the dockside ama is folded back for easy access to either cockpit while the seaside ama can remain extended out for extra stability.

The boat's total weight of 200 lbs. allows it to be transported on a car roof rack without any disassembly. However, the hulls can be easily disassembled by simply removing eight pins.

A large aft storage compartment is capable of holding a 55 lb. car battery, electric outboard, life jackets, lunch, and miscellaneous equipment or clothing. There are also storage hatches in each ama.

The unique patented wedge stern with a sweep action rudder allows for unparalleled steerability making it possible for the boat to turn about almost within its own length.

View it in action on VHS or DVD or visit TritonTS.com on the web.

About the Designer...

I have had considerable experience designing and sailing high speed craft both on water and on land. In the late 1950s I worked on the development of the Pacific Catamaran, Olympic Finn, and Kite Dinghies. In 1961 I spent six months in French Polynesia studying Tahitian outriggers and canoes and three months in Hawaii studying catamarans.

In 1965 I built my first "Land Yacht," thinking I invented the sport. After learning there was an International Federation of Sand and Land Yachts (FISLY), which held annual meets in Europe, I built a portable landsailer for competition in France in 1971. The event was held in Brittany and I placed third in a field of 110 land yachts from eight different countries. In 1972 I participated in the ultimate landsailing expedition, 1,800 miles across the Sahara Desert, while making a documentary film for *National Geographic*.

The Triton Tandem Sailer is a result of a concept I began in 1992 to build a car toppable boat that would blend the leading edge technological advances of the dinghy, windsurfer, kayak, and multi hull.

Specifications:

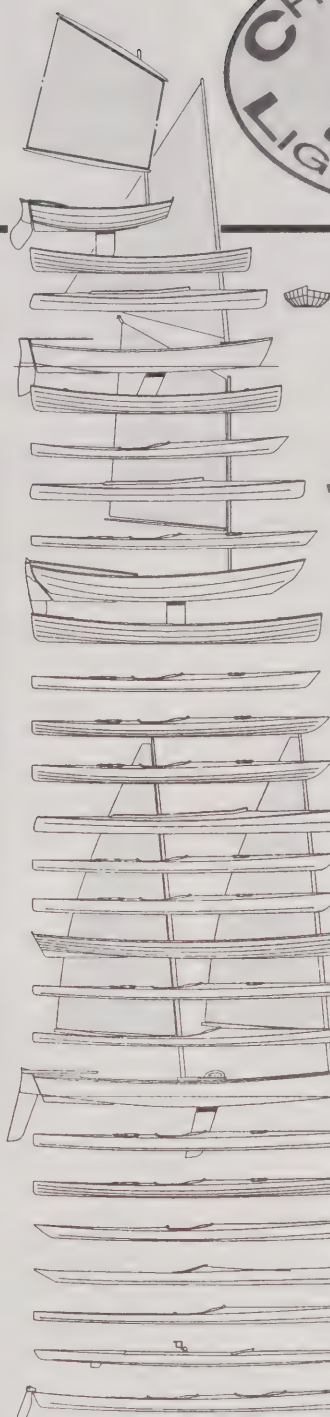
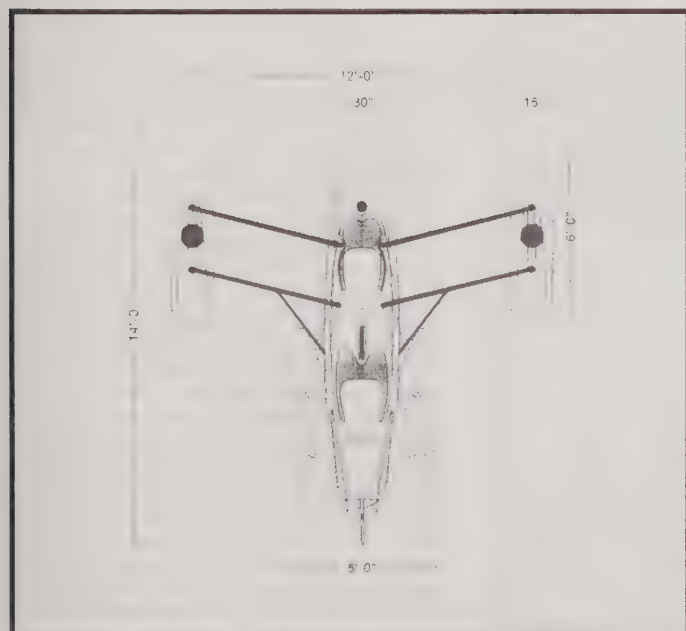
98sf Dacron high roach sail with vertical panels and full length vertical battens. No boom makes it easily reefable to any size while underway.

Mast is fully rotating, unstayed two piece tapered carbon fiber mounted in two bearings for trouble free roller furling

Main hull 14'3" x 30" molded fiberglass with two comfortable seats and large aft storage locker molded into deck. Hull is in three parts with the liner spaced away 2" from the hull making a permanent unsinkable foam filled flotation chamber. Max hull weight is about 100 lbs.

Small hulls are 6' long and 15" wide and weigh 20 lbs. each. They are watertight and filled with kayak airbags for extra flotation protection in case of puncture.

With a 400 lb. load will plane in 8 knots of wind and has attained speeds of up to 15 knots maximum in 25 knots.



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We first introduced Bantamin the June 1, 1999 issue of *MAIB*. By summer 2002 at least two hulls had been completed and were running. In the August 15 issue of *MAIB* we presented an update on Toni David's Bantam with a 14 photo commentary on the first boat completed with full folding roof geometry. She was propelled by a new 25hp Honda and hit 16 knots wide open before being fully broken in. Earlier that year in February John Bartlett had written from Florida that his *Pelican* had been launched, without her house though, running as an open dayboat with a 10hp four stroke while he prepped the roof and cabin interior for later addition. In the

Bolger on Design

Upgrade On Bantam 20 16 / 24 20

Design #654

April 15, 2003 issue of *MAIB* we able to report on his completed boat and his experience with her. In that same article we also offered a significant upgrade to Bantam's bottom geometry to enhance her rough water

capability while retaining her planing capability.

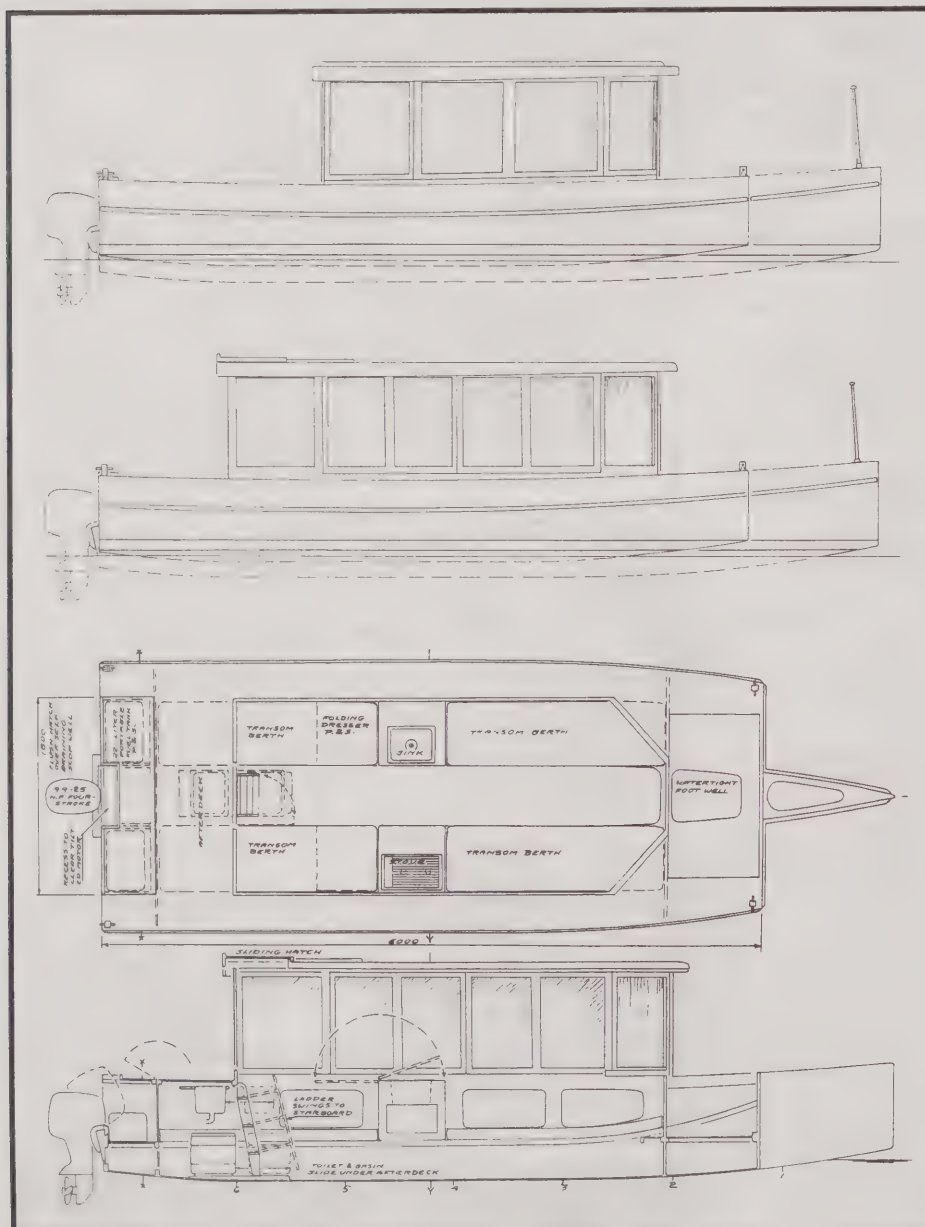
Running in protected waters and ambling along at displacement speed, Bartlett liked her efficiency but proposed to add to her stem to both get an afterdeck and to have her run with even less fuss in her wake. The original design had been drawn around minimizing trailer and storage length, keeping the hull to 16' length by making the 4' bow section to the center hull readily removable to be stored inside the boat while she is on the trailer. Adding to her length aft would be simple enough in light of her straight sections there. And with Bartlett's proposed use of her in protected waters and with just 10hp, issues of strength would not be serious as a consequence of stretching her extant light weight structure. And without planing speeds required, cocking up the bottom of the stem addition would indeed minimize any wake left behind her light footprint.

Cam Alexander from Manitoba had, since early reports on Bantam, been interested in her as a fishing and hunting camp in his local maze of waterways. But he wanted up to four berths. Double bunking, in the base Bantam is a possibility and, assuming stout supports of the uppers, a family with two youngsters would find her a stable, dry, bug free camper both on the road and the water. While part of the adventure and intimate fun within a family, the space between the bunks seemed scant for burly outdoors men, her stowage tight for their gear and provisions, and the need for personal space particularly relevant after several days of living the rugged life in the wild and telling tall stories. Finally mounting four fishing chairs would seem an attractive notion, if at all possible.

The additions to her three hulls are more or less a no brainer once you have soaked yourself in her assembly. Structural details of joining ply to ply, and the roof folding principles and geometry remain the same, with her roof and side panels just longer but otherwise like the original's; she has always had full standing headroom.

If, as in Bartlett's case, the house and cabin remain the same two some arrangement, adding the afterdeck at the level of her bridges between the hulls puts the deck chairs just 6" or so above the water level surrounded by her topsides and thus likely not requiring any significant rail to surround that deck.

In Alexander's case, the full four berth arrangement would also have to feature a degree of privacy not an issue with two. Maximizing her interior volume puts her afterdeck at sheerline level for a flush surface 2' or so higher than Bartlett's; this will require addition of a sliding companionway hatch in her rooftop aft. We need the space under the afterdeck to get a full length four berth arrangement. To keep feet and noses from competing for space at night the mat-



tresses are separated amidships by a 2' galley blocks. When not being used in cooking, their covers with fiddles serve to put down drinks, snack, binoculars, field guides etc. and folded out, the galley offers modest but useful capability with adequate counter space; really dirty proceedings such as plucking fowl and scaling fish would happen outside anyway. Which way you like your galley covers to open depends on your preferences, without a dedicated table, dividing each into two halves would offer an adequate dining surface for all four.

For really private matters in this hunting cabin, flipping over the companionway ladder allows pulling out the slide out porta potti and then the slide out sink, just temporarily blocking access to the afterdeck. With a U shaped track under the ceiling, a privacy curtain can be drawn around, and with the door open or a dedicated fan turned on the imposition upon the others would be minimal. Occupants of the quarter berths would likely have to wait matters out, unless particularly agile or particularly driven out of their slumber.

Under the flush afterdeck, motor and dual fuel tanks are at the bridge level, allowing the optional mounting of two battle chairs for big game rod fishing in the swamp, assuming appropriate reinforcements to mount them on. With integrated footrests, two more

might find their way on to each float's forward end, just clearing the house corners.

Should you not need to build her top foldable, other detailing can be added inside her cabin, along with carrying one or two of these short and wide canoes/kayaks on her rooftop to scout for the expedition's mothership or just sneak out from the secret hideaway to get more beer at the landing. Of course a folding bicycle might fit, etc., etc. But no flying bridge!

Adding this length will add several hundred of pounds of structure to trailer around. Whether you decide to keep the outboard location set into the main hull or hang it out on its transom as Bartlett did, will dictate your overall rigid length. Ditto for short versus long shaft outboard models, with coastal craft likely better advised to go long shaft to get the power head a few more inches off the water in following seasons. But she will still be one of the most efficient light cruisers around, can still remain just about 20' on her trailer (get folding tongue for least storage length of boat on trailer in garage), and with added crew accommodations and stowage capacity would now even more so invite longer term exploration of inland and coastal waters.

Picture the port quarter berth made up for good, the starboard one converted into a desk for the great travel log project or that

long simmering novel, the forward saloon made more livable with a swing away table for four to host envious guests, a single person could travel long and far in splendor. Or build in a painter's cabinet and archive to capture the scenery on canvas across seasons and geography. More arrangements are possible, assuming one does not plan on counting on floor space that just plain is not there on a trimaran. In all cases generous roof area allows large solar panels to charge house batteries when at rest for quiet admiration of the new neighborhood.

Fuel consumption at displacement speed should be way into the teens allowing doing the mighty Mississippi or seeing every inlet and creek on the east coast during the next three lifetimes without much painful fuel burn. Circumnavigating the eastern United States on the least fuel burn might be an intriguing challenge with common sense and properly prepared. In any case, for the accommodations, shelter from weather and bugs, stability running and at rest, 70mph highway capability behind a modest car, we know of few, if any, boats that compete with her.

Plans for #654 Bantam, now also including the longer versions as part of the standard plans, are available only from us for US \$200. Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

I built my first kayak in the winter of 1999/2000. After a season of renting sea kayaks, a number of good reasons made me build one of Gerry's Volkskomponentkayaks. One was that I would soon go back to Germany and then I could take the boat with me.

Paddling the VKK for a season, with paddling skills fast improving, I soon felt the limitations of the design. I wanted a skinnier lower profile kayak, which would be faster, easier to put on edge, and less prone to weather cocking.

During the winter 2000/2001 Gerry built *Gannet* and I came up with *Snug*. Both are based on the VK design, but with carved out bottom and side panels they are less beamy (22") and have lower profiles. Gerry added more rocker to his boat, I left the keel line untouched from the original VK.

Snug was already a big improvement from the VKK, quite a bit faster and way less sensitive to wind forces, also known as weather cocking. *Snug* was built as a component kayak (aka take-apart with doubled bulkheads) so that I could cut it up into three pieces on the day when I would go back to Germany and take it with me.

The following winter I went traditional and built a skin-on-frame Greenland kayak. We all know the golden rule measure twice and cut once. Well, I should have measured more frequently, but the frame looked so fragile and skinny... Turned out that the finished s-o-f had about the same volume as the original VKK, a bathtub by Greenland standards. With a 22" maximum beam it sits high on the water and was very, well interesting. A small water bottle not centered under the deck bungees was all it took to screw up the balance and to make me do a fish count. However, even if I hate the boat it somehow felt

The Quest for the Best

By Ulli Hoeger
(Reprinted from *SWBANS Newsletter*)



good going through the water. If I would take the lines, build it in plywood with reduced, more Greenlandic volume...

I will not take this pig back to Germany with me, but I may end up cutting it into at least three pieces anyway.

OK, the idea was stuck in my head and one needs to build a boat every winter. Right? So I started to kick the idea around to do a skin boat in plywood. Skinny, low volume, the best kayak ever. On the web I found Bobby Curtis' *Seaspirit* design, a Greenland kayak in plywood. With 18' in length, a 21" beam, and just 5" deep at the rear bulkhead, it is a low volume boat, pretty close to what I

had in mind. I got the plans from Bobby and it looked so low volume that I added an inch to the sheer height to make sure I wouldn't end up with a plywood submarine.

I started by laying out the panels in February and worked along the plan. After the hull was stitched and glued I abandoned the plan and just followed the general idea. On the Easter weekend the main job was done, and a long and narrow *Seaspirit* was ready for first tests. The pond trial in the frog pit behind the Gladwin's house left a good first impression. Even the frogs admired the *Seaspirit* in silence.

The *Seaspirit* is tender, but not what I would call tippy. Little initial stability, but good secondary stability. A comfortable sitting position in the cockpit and sufficient freeboard all around. That was how far I was willing to go on a frog pond test run in mid April, and the frogs had their hole back for themselves and started quacking again.

A day later testing became more serious in the last pool session for the season. The frog puddle impression was confirmed, the *Seaspirit* turned out to be a blast! Stability and tenderness are well balanced. Easy to put on edge for carved turns (a nice feature with the long waterline), but it is easy to stay in control, no white knuckle paddling. It is easy to brace and to roll, already without having any outfitting in the cockpit done. Good acceleration and no significant bow wave in a 30 meter pool sprint. Guess I got up to 9 km/h, but maybe I am totally off. We will see this for sure as soon as I get on real water.

Now my *Seaspirit* is ready for the paddling season. If the boat keeps what it promises, for me the Quest for the Best got a bit closer to finding the holy grail of paddling.

The southeastern part of the US is a pretty good place to get good wood to build boats. Despite the rapacious practices of the timber companies around the turn of the century and the boneheaded determination of paper companies and the government (both State and Federal) to call plantations of wretched saplings "reforestation", there are still a few pretty good trees being cut. A lot of them come from around towns where the urbane keep sprawling all out through the woods.

Highway "improvements" get a lot of old trees as well. The four laning project of US 319, where my shop is, resulted in the burning of immense piles of enough real good live oak to build fifteen *Old Ironsides*. Most people around here assume that live oak is no good for anything because it "can't be cut with ordinary tools". I wonder what they used to build the *Constitution*? Anyway, now there is more traffic on 319 than there is on I10, and all those old trees are gone. All but one, that is. They commandeered some of my land and one of my live oaks but, when they weren't looking, I slipped out there with my skidder and got that tree.

So I might as well start with live oak but, first, I need to mention another thing. You know, since the invention of the portable bandsaw sawmill, the availability of lumber cut exactly to suit the job is dependent only on whether you can find the log. After that, a phone call will bring the sawmill and you can trip the slabs and boards and stack for the sawyer and be through in just a little while. There is plenty of literature about wood so I won't explain everything but I warn you to be wary of government studies. I think the researchers took too many coffee breaks.

Heart live oak is one of the most durable woods in the world but it has some peculiarities. One is that it will warp so bad that it will literally crawl off the pile. I cut enough paneling to panel a man's office and the only way I could hold it down on the sticks was to park the bulldozer on top and it still cupped and warped between the sticks. The man who did the carpentry work had to face nail it to pull it sort of halfway in to the studs. It makes very good sawn frames and deadwood in big heavy duty boats but it must be put in there green and fastened so that it can't climb back out of the boat.

I have a stash of live oak mallet head blanks that I have been hoarding up for many years and, even though they were flat on all four sides when they were cut, now, they're all cupped and scalloped every which way and they are just little blocks. Though I keep them in the shop where the humidity is very low and they have been in there for years and years, they are still a little wet inside. I use old dead live oak for firewood (burns about like anthracite coal) and this last winter, I cut an old tree that had been dead since 1957 when my mother had a bunch of them girdled to plant some wretched planted pines in an old field on our place. The main trunk of that tree was just as green as when it had been alive. I wonder if some of the timbers of the *Constitution* are still green.

I don't recommend live oak for anything on small boats but little odds and ends. I like a live oak sheet cleat, though, and I had a live oak tiller on an old sailboat... kind of crooked. Live oak is hard to cut, not only because it is about as hard as bakelite, but because it has

Southern Boatbuilding Woods

By Robb White

some kind of resin or something that will gum up a saw blade in an instant. It can not be sanded with a machine. A circular saw will not make any headway at all. Oddly enough, a chainsaw will cut it just fine and so will a bandsaw but you have to lubricate the blade in a most diligent manner. On my Woodmizer, I have found that cotton picker spindle cleaner (from the John Deere place) in the water jug works the best but a strong liquid soap mix will work, too. On a little project like sawing out a mallet head, a little shot of WD 40 on the blade works fine. As an aside, a live oak mallet will beat the absolute piss out of a chisel.

Yellow pine. There aren't but two southern yellow pines good enough to build a boat with, that's longleaf (*P. palustris*) and slash (*P. ellioti*) which is the same species as the famous Caribbean pine. Because of the excellence of both those woods, it is real hard to find the good stuff and hard to tell the difference between them and the others which are absolutely no good for boats. With lumber, the way I tell is by the smell. Nothing smells like those two and they don't smell like each other. If I didn't know the wood, I would steer clear of southern yellow pine. I tell you what, though. There is no better wood for a keel than longleaf pine. It is rock hard and steel straight.

Before I go on to the others, I need to explain something very important. The sapwood of no tree is any good to build a boat with. Even live oak sapwood rots in just a little while and, though the sapwood of old growth longleaf pine is some extremely fine grained beautifully clear and straight stuff, it will rot in just a few months on a dead tree left standing. The sapwood of longleaf pine does have some use in boatbuilding, though. It makes the best lofting battens in the world. It is as stable and straight as old growth Douglas fir and doesn't try to stick up any splinters or split if you do any tacking. I have used the same bending stick to mark plank edges for twenty years. It has nail holes anyplace I needed them.

I am going to cover cypress real quick because the good stuff is almost extinct. Second growth bald cypress is not any good and the old virgin stuff was so wonderful that it is all just about gone. The heartwood of old cypress is red. If it ain't red, it won't do. Cypress is funny stuff. Though it is very stable and kind of light when it is dry, it soaks up water like no other wood and swells up enough to pull nails in the crossplanked bottom of a boat if you don't leave the cracks wide enough. In only days in the water, a cypress boat will double its weight.

When I was a boy, we had a cypress dug-out canoe. When it was put in the water dry, it was too tippy to fish out of (only about 20' wide) but after a day or two of soaking, it had picked up enough ballast to be self righting. Though it was only about 14' long and maybe 9" high and less than 1" thick, it would give two strong men a backache trying to put

it on top of the car. I know where it is and it is still just as good as new and I think it was made before 1920.

There is an oddity of southern boatbuilding wood that is even more extinct than good cypress. Red mulberry was the preferred wood for sawn frames back before it was all scrounged completely out of the coastal woods for that purpose. There is an old Gulf coast schooner that Rusty Fleetwood (author of *Tidecraft*) surveyed over around Savannah that was built before the Civil War and still had all its original mulberry frames including the bulwarks. The old cypress planking was just about worn out but the boat was still in service. I understand that some museum bought it and plans to make an exhibit. They were trying to figure out a way to get the bilges to quit stinking like Diesel fuel.

Good Atlantic white cedar is a rare bird down here but grows most excellently in the Apalachicola River drainage. There is a good bit of it in the Apalachicola National Forest but most of it is in swamps on St. Joe Paper Company land and they cut hell out of it during this five year drought and there is a lot of truly excellent stuff (Phillip Smith, 2032 Smith Rd., Ochlocknee, GA 31773, 229 683-3731 about 6am or 6pm is best. He will custom cut you a little, short order. He can also cut 44' length and sometimes comes up with old growth longleaf pine). I don't have to tell you about juniper. That's the best of what they mean "Down East" when they say "cedar on oak".

Oh, yeah, you can't get away with steamed oak frames down here in the south. As a matter of fact, that old saying that "Southern oak is no good to build a boat with", is actually a southern saying that got misquoted as it moved north. What it really says is "Oak is no good to build a boat with", so I won't say anything about any of them and I already covered live oak.

There is sassafras. It is mighty good if you can find a good, big log. Heart sassafras is a most delightfully stable, light, rotproof wood. It doesn't get real big down here, but I understand that it does up further north. Sassafras fence posts last a long, long time and a hoe handle made out of it is better than ash.

Aromatic red cedar (*J. virginiana* or silicicola the salt marsh cedar) is probably the most stable and rot resistant of the lightweight conifers. The wood is sort of brittle but it never rots or warps or soaks up water. The thin sapwood is even kind of rotproof. Old cedar snags stand in the woods for over fifty years with no sign of any deterioration of any sort. One old tree on our old place has been dead so long that my mother remembered it as a landmark when she was a little girl. There aren't even any surface checks. All the cedar fence posts on the old place were put in by my great, great, grandfather's employees around 1890 or so.

Red cedar used to occur in pure stands of clear trunk trees all over the Gulf coast around here. Cedar Key was probably the zenith of that kind of thing... kind of easy to get to. You can imagine the complete devastation of that wonderful resource. There are tiny islands that, though only miniature hints of the past, can make you feel like you know what it was like when you make a most cozy camp under the close canopy. Ain't too many things can make me more delighted than listening to the wind in the cedars and the ducks

talking when I am camped on one of those tiny cedar islands in the dead of winter. A charred cedar stick stuck into a corn cob and rubbed exactly right on a piece of slate held tight up under your diaphragm during gobbling season will make a turkey come running.

Alright, now... I am going to explain poplar. I know that there are about ten jillion universal experts lurking everywhere who are going to fly into a frenzy in the chat rooms of the world wide web but I don't want to hear a single word. I have been building poplar boats since 1965 and, no, dammit, they are all not hanging on the wall like works of art nor are they are all epoxified and maintained with the same diligence that some people reserve for poodles. It used to be traditional in the South not to paint pond boats used for fishing. Some folks figured (back when they still had that ability) that fish had sense enough to know a piece of wood for something natural when they saw it. An unpainted old growth poplar boat will last just as long as an unpainted old growth cypress boat and outlast juniper.

I have a long list of traditional uses for poplar to prove that it is rot resistant. I used to use that list in my brochure back when I had something to prove. Poplar is not only rot resistant, it is termite proof, too, so it was used for anything that had to sit on the ground. I ain't going to recite all that but I will hit a few high spots. The oldest covered bridge in the country sits on poplar sills buried in the dirt in Phillippi, West Virginia.

Poplar was the favorite wood for lining old hand dug wells. People liked a poplar outhouse, not only because the termites wouldn't eat it out from under you, but because it was light and easy to move to a new hole in the ground. With that, I am going to resist the temptation to make a comparison that occurred to me concerning government studies that found tulip poplar to be in the same durability class with wood like maple and made no differentiation between sapwood and heartwood.

The most amazing thing about poplar (and the reason I use it) is its remarkable strength. Though it is almost as light as cedar, it is stronger than hard maple. It is even very strong across the grain. Its strength is different from most woods. Unlike ash (which is pretty close to it in strength) it will bend beyond its considerable elastic limit without breaking. It is possible to make a poplar plank do something on a boat that can be done with no other wood that I have ever seen.

I am trying to curb my belligerence as best I can but there is another thing. Unpainted poplar resists the effects of weather better than any other wood I ever saw. For one thing, unlike teak, there is no difference in the hardness of the annual rings so it just gets smoother and smoother in the weather. For another it never checks on the surface. I think that is because it doesn't soak up water. When quarter sawn, it is so stable that unfinished floorboards in the bottom of the boat (with the down side looking at the bilge water and the topside looking at the hot sun) won't cup. After years and years of that service, the floorboards will develop a wonderful satin sheen that is very easy on the feet.

I am trying to get this over with so I'll cut out all the facts and stick with opinions from now on. If I wanted to build a good boat and didn't have the vast resources of my own

ancestral woods, a complete wood and metal working shop, a sawmill, a planer, a skidder, a log truck, and a generous wife with a good, steady schoolteaching job, I would build a strip planked boat out of poplar. If you used fiberglass and epoxy like they do on these strip planked canoes, you could get away with second growth stuff (which has all the same properties except rot resistance) and even sapwood.

Before I got to where I am, now, I sawed my poplar on a regular 20" bandsaw. I hewed out the cants with a broad axe and an adz and planed them with a scrub plane until they would pass under the 7-1/2" clearance under the guides. That got rid of the sapwood and, if I do say so myself, I built some good little lapstrake boats out of those narrow planks... copper rivets, no epoxy, no problem.

You know there is an old saying in our family. My mother was the Red Cross lady in town for about fifty years. They always tried to keep somebody to run the errands so she could stay in the office to answer the phone when somebody needed to get some serviceman to come home because of a family emergency. Somehow, they had this little pet man that they kept foisting off on her. He was absolutely useless... couldn't drive a "clutch car", as he called momma's Toyota truck, for one thing. His favorite saying, preserved in our lexicon (possibly forever) was, "I cain't do that". To say it right, you have to give it a whine away with a rising inflection and two syllables to "do" and "that". There is another old saying. I don't know the limits of its geographical distribution but it is pretty common around here, "Cain't, never could". You know, little children don't understand "cain't".

Tulip poplar (*Liriodendron tulipifera*): Yellow poplar (yellow because of the remarkable color of the sapwood on de barked logs, I'm told) is one of three trees in the primitive magnolia family and is not really a poplar (that's the genus, *Populus*). It is the biggest deciduous tree in this country and has one of the widest distributions. Poplar can be found in the east from Canada to Texas but reaches its peak in the Appalachians and the coastal plain. Poplar is one of the fastest growing of all trees.

Just to make a point one time, I built a whole boat out of the butt log of a tree that was only twenty two years old. Poplar is one of the most popular hardwoods for making lumber. Next to all the oaks (combined), more poplar is sawn into boards than any other hardwood and the oaks are losing ground because poplar is becoming a "weed tree" where oaks have been clear cut. Because of its cross grain toughness, poplar is ideal for making rotary cut (peeled) veneer and a world of logs are exported to make plywood.

Though the heartwood of poplar is green looking in fresh cut trees, it quickly goes through some sort of chemical change which leaves iridescent streaks of all sorts of colors... a lot of purple. Some people think it is ghastly looking but I sort of like it and have tried (without much success) to promote the staining. Upon exposure to sunlight, old growth poplar heartwood boards quickly turn brown. Varnished poplar is very pretty and some boards have a good figure to them, particularly down by the stump. My little felucca is made entirely of curly wood... a work of art. I have to keep it hanging on the wall all the time to preserve it from the elements.



KAYAKS

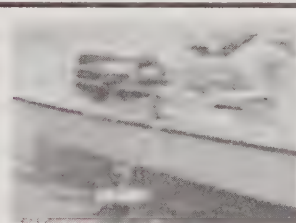
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Statistics and reviews uphold fixed wing sails as having far better performance than our more ordinary sheet sails. This is born out in that the land speed record for sailing craft (and all contenders for the record) use fixed wing sails. This raises the question, "why don't we all use fixed wing sails?"

Sails work on the same principles as airplane wings, the Bernoulli and Venturi principles, but cloth sails have the detrimental aspect of not having any thickness. A mast is normally detrimental to the efficient operation of a sail but a rotating wing mast is a first step towards getting a more efficient rig (diagrams and a good analysis can be found at www.dynawing.com). Wing masts have expanded until there is no cloth portion left to the sailing rig and the wing mast becomes a fixed wing sail.

Most fixed wing sails are symmetrical which would seem to defeat Bernoulli's effect. The angle of attack of a symmetrical sail to the wind gives rise to the pressure differences which propel our boats. To have an

Fixed Wing Sail

By Robert Fraser

(Reprinted from *SWBANS Newsletter*)



Robert Fraser with his Fixed Wing Sail during testing on Eastern Passage.

asymmetrical wing sail, which has the shape of an airplane wing, is that much more efficient again but is only good on one tack. This difficulty could be remedied by having a proa that changes fore and aft ends on each tack. The other solution is to be able to completely rotate the solid wing structure so that the upper more rounded surface is always more to leeward.


As is typical in researching many topics, it can be hard to find out the negative aspects of a topic, as the people writing about it are enthusiasts. So in my quest for having innovative projects to work on, I went ahead and constructed a small but functional fixed wing sail with the contemplation of building a larger one if I was pleased with the first. As it stands now I will not be going ahead with a full size sail. The sail I did make is 12' long with a chord of 4' giving an area of 48sf or just under 5sm.

On my small catamaran I mounted a staff (mast) that was barely longer than half the length of the sail. The fixed wing sail was then hinged from the middle to the top of the mast. In order to change tacks I am able to rotate the whole sail 180 degrees. I have used this sail twice on the small catamaran. A few modifications were made to the rigging of the sail after the first trial and also two rudders were fixed to the catamaran whereas I had been hoping to be able to steer the boat by leaning the sail rig forward to turn away from the wind and aft to bring the boat up into the wind as is done with a windsurfer rig. Steering by the windsurfer principles did work but I found the rig rather cumbersome to handle. Fixing the mast support and steering with rudders did help and still left many parameters open in setting the sail.

The bottom line to me, though, was that the sail was still too cumbersome to handle easily even in light winds. So the fixed wing sail has taken on about the same status as my hydrofoil in that the concepts are good but in actual operation they are not that practical.

I had speculated that, when standing by, I would be able to hold my sail horizontally and the only lift would be straight up. This position of the sail was hard to maintain. Leaving and coming up to a dock was also cumbersome in that the sail is always raised. I only used the sail in light winds and still it was hard to maintain in trim, having no stays or sheets for control. I wasn't about to try it in strong winds in our November waters. My feeling is that the statistical findings of the benefits of a fixed wing sail are in strong winds and on boats capable of traveling at higher speeds than the ordinary displacement hulled boats.

My decision to put the sail experiment on the back burner and start another project was when I found an example on the internet of a very high tech successful boat using the same basic principles I was trying to develop, www.speedsail.nl/main.html. Since someone else had a well worked out version and yet it had not achieved mass appeal then I feel that the cumbersome aspects of the sail are probably keeping it from becoming popular.



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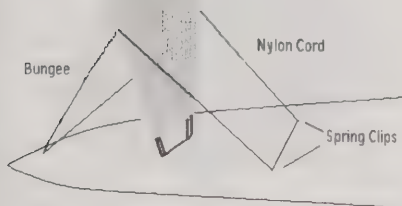


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As I am getting up there in years, I decided that I could use some help going downwind in my kayak. It is an inflatable Sevylor XK2. I found these plans, which were designed by Rebecca Heap and are available on a New Zealand Kayaking web site: http://home.clear.net.nz/pages/grant_glazer/kayak/Hintsail.htm. I constructed one and it works well up to 30 degrees off the wind.



Shopping List:

Ripstop Nylon 1.5m x 150cm wide
 Velcro 20cm of 25mm wide
 2 3/4" Class E PVC pipe
 2 Tee pieces for 3/4 in" pipe
 2 1/2" Dowels for pipe 1.2mm long
 2 End caps for 3/4" pipe
 2 Brass Clips
 5m 1/8" nylon cord
 .6m 3/8" Bungee
 2.5m 1/4" Bungee

Making the Sail:

There are two techniques, either sewing as given below or using Seamstick, which is a 3M product used by sailmakers. It is like double sided sticky tape and by using it you won't need to do any sewing at all.

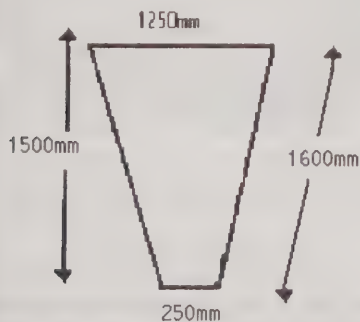
Draw the sail pattern into the ripstop nylon using the dimensions shown and cut it out. Using the offcuts, make up two strips 12cm wide and about 1.7m long for the mast pockets.

Fold over a 1cm hem on top and bottom of sail, pin and sew.

Hem the ends of the mast pockets, then fold mast pockets in half lengthwise and pin down each side of sail. Sew allowing a 1cm seam. Reinforce the tops of the pockets if desired to reduce wear. Sew across tops.

Half way down mast pockets, cut a hole 8cm long and 4cm wide to allow guy lines to be tied to the mast.

To make velcro sail tie, overlap 2cm of the fuzzy side with 2cm of the hooky side to make a long strip. Place a 20cm length of cord across the joint between the two pieces and sew together. The cord is used to hold the tie to a convenient saddle.



Making a Budget Downwind Kayak Sail

By John F. Canning

Making the Masts:

Cut a 5mm ring off the end of each mast and cut across to make a split ring. Glue these with pipe cement or Uhu to the masts about 2cm up from where the bottom of the hole in the mast pocket is positioned. They will keep the guy lines from sliding down.

Find some bamboo canes about 1.2m long that are a tight fit inside the pipe (the split rings are a good thing to take to the garden center to use to test the diameters). These reduce the amount of flex in the pipe. Dowel or other rigid material will also work.

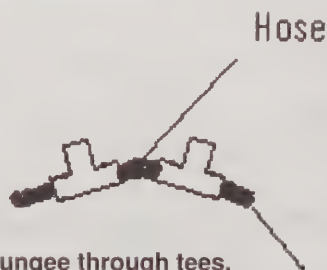
Glue or tape end caps on. Insert masts into pockets on sail.

Making the Footing:

Fiberglass and Kevlar boats will require the addition of two saddles 25cm apart just forward of the front hatch. Puffins have these saddles already, and plastics like the Penguin and Squall can have the footing tied around the moldings where the deck lines go.

Make the foot as shown in the diagram. It is essential that the hose between the tee pieces forms a tight fit so that the foot is not sloppy. Wrap with high density foam to avoid scratching the deck. You may need to build up the foam if you have a flat decked boat like a Spectrum or one with a steep pitch like the Squall so that the sail opens nicely, try first and see.

Using the 6mm or 8mm bungee loop it either around a saddle or deck molding (or shackles) then through the hose and tie off round the other saddle or deck mounting. Pull it up very tight. The footing is usually left permanently on the deck and the masts inserted when needed.



**Bungee through tees.
 Held onto saddls with
 shackles.**

Rigging the Sail

Place the masts into the footings and get a friend to hold the sail perpendicular to the deck. Tie a length of bungee onto one side above the split ring, add the 20mm brass dog clip and clip it onto the carry handle. Tie the other end of the bungee to the mast on the other side. The bungee should be firm but not stretched.


Do similar with the nylon cord looping it twice through each of the 12mm brass dog clips as this acts like a locking knot so the angle of the sail can be adjusted.

Stowing the Sail

Pull the nylon guy lines towards you to lower the sail and secure using the Velcro tie which should be attached to a saddle near the cockpit. To release the sail, undo the Velcro and the bungee will automatically pull the sail up into position. Adjust the lines to catch maximum wind.

Important Note

Although this is a very safe sail in that the bungee footing gives way in a strong side gust before you get tossed out, I recommend carrying a good paddler's knife just in case you need to cut the guy lines for any reason. However, the good news is that there are about 60 of these sails in use in Auckland, NZ, and there have never been any near misses or nasty accidents.



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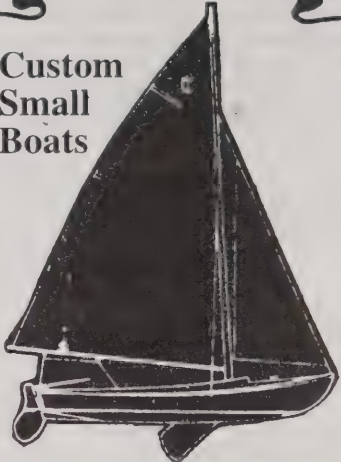
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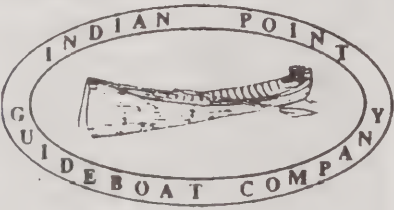
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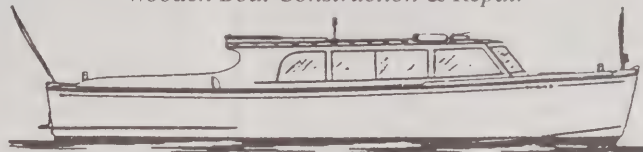
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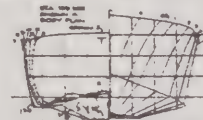
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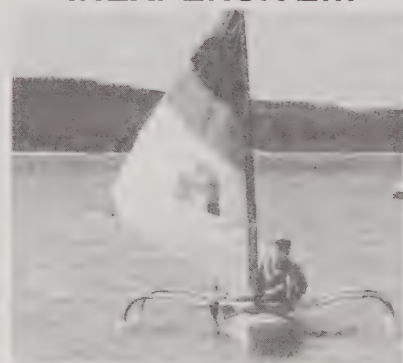
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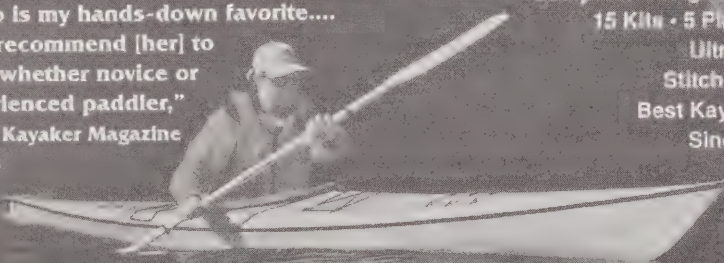
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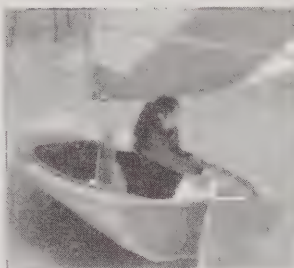
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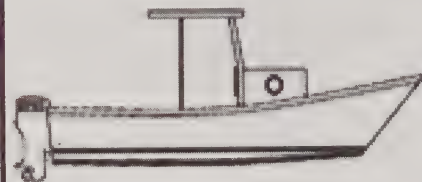
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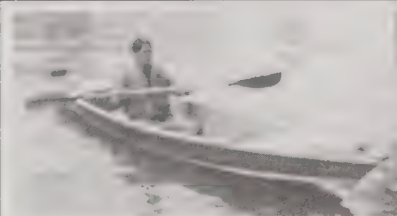
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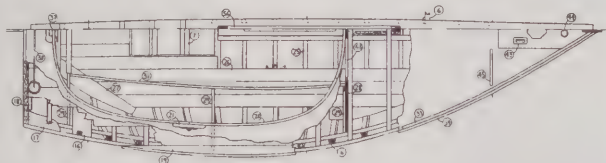
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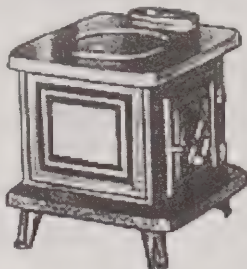
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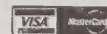
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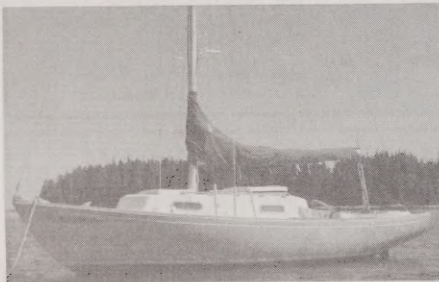
BOATS FOR SALE



'97 Nimble Nomad Fiberglass Trawler, 25'8" Ted Brewer design. Alum 4 wheel trlr w/brakes; covered slip for remainder of 2003 season in Oxford, MD. 50hp Honda 4 cycle, PropGuard, electric lift. Aft canvas canopy w/transparent curtains on 3 sides. Deep Cycle 600hr CCA battery, cranking battery 500 hr CCA; automatic battery charger. Fortress FX 7, Fortress FX 11, Bruce 7.5 kg anchors; 210' 1/2" nylon, 12' chain w/swivel; 180' 3/8" nylon, 5' chain w/swivel; 4 fenders; 5 nylon dock lines. Ritchie Powerdamp illuminated compass; ICOM 1 C M5 9 VHF transceiver; Magellan NAV 6500 GPS. Autohelm Sport Pilot; Apelco Fishfinder 260. Domestic 12v/110v refrigerator; Kenmore microwave oven; Origo galley stove; SS sink w/Whale Gusher faucet; electric water pump. Vacu Flush head; Whale Gusher shower head; solar powered vent fan. Origo space heater; 8 PFDs; boarding ladder, Orion Marine Signal Kit; 2 boathooks; assorted hardware spares; 2 fire extinguishers; window, door screens & curtains. \$36,500.
ROBERT CHASE, Oxford, MD, (410) 226 0176, chase215rc@aol.com (8)

'60 Crosby Striper Bass Boat, 24' wooden boat, stem & fwd planks replaced. Nds refastening, recaulking, repowering. Originally had Chrysler Crown engine. On home built trailer. \$500 OBO. Uncle! I'm not going to find the time to finish!
HARRY TRUITT, Glastonbury CT, (860) 633 5440, <twocats@snet.net (8)

Old Town Row Boat, 13'10", cedar lapstrake on oak frames, mint cond. 7'6" spoon blade oars. Featured in *Ash Breeze*, Vol 6 No. 4, Fall '84. \$1,500.
RALPH NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (631) 757-3087. (8)



24' Allied Greenwich Fiberglass Sloop, blt '69. Full keel, classic lines. Evinrude Yachtwin 6hp OB, w/alternator, mnted in well. Vy well maintained w/many refurbishments & upgrades. New jib, bonding, depth sounder, VHF, gel cell, solar panel, bilge pump. Autopilot, 2 jiffy reefs in main, all halyards, reefing lines and sheets lead to cockpit. Nds some minor interior work. Incl all equipment needed for coastal cruising. In water in Stonington, ME. Come on out for a sail! Details and photos available at <http://home.gwi.net/oceanvilleboat> or will send by mail on request. \$3800.
JACK DICE, OCEANVILLE BOAT, RR1, Box 864, Stonington, ME, (207) 367 2687. (8)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.

'88 Dovekie, Cox trlr, Yamaha 3hp OB. Dark green hull w/buff deck & tanbark sail. One of the last Dovekies built, it has all the bells & whistles; bow CB, back porch, hard & soft hatch covers & factory motor mount. Equipped w/oars, Bruce anchor, compass, porta potty, etc. Dovekies are comfortable day sailers & superb beach cruisers. Unfortunately, age & conflicts limit my use of this boat, and she is for sale at \$5,500.
JOHN TRUSSELL, Columbia, SC, (803) 737-0052 work, (803) 633-5440 home. (8)

11' Scow, antique wood sailboat. Trlr. \$425.
NH, (603) 225-4818. (8)

28' Samurai Sloop, dble planked mahogany classic & beautiful Eldredge McInnes design (#9). Roomy & comfortable cruiser. Two 18gal FW tanks, small galley w/hand pump & SS sink. Four bunks with good mattresses. Grt storage. Manual head w/ht & pumpout fitting. 5 gd sails, boomed jib, main, genoa, small spinnaker, small jib cut down from older jib. '79 IB that has been run (once). Best long run bet would be to replace that w/new IB. Bottom in ablative "Horizon" paint. Iron outside ballast in deep keel draws 4' feet, all keel bolts except forward bolt have been replaced. Extensive wiring to instruments and lights in gd cond w/switch panel and main switch to two good batteries. VHF being worked on, fathometer OK, working Loran hooked to backstay, new bilge pump & automatic bilge pump switch. Dble planked hull tightens up quickly & stays that way. Major projects in past have been 12 coats of varnish on mast, boom and jib boom, new forward lexan type hatch installed, added bowsprit with OK from McInnes ('80s). Installed and incl. OB mount gd for up to 116lbs long shaft motor. Nothing has been done to deactivate installed IB so putting in new one should go well. 11gal diesel tank in place. Most exterior hardware is bronze, some SS. Underdecks gear SS. As for sailing? One of the best sailboats of this size around, not too big, easily set up in back yard for maintenance. Five props incl. Afloat photo available by email <edeshea@tdstelme.net>. Now sailing out of Wiscasset, ME on Rt. 1 midcoast. Reason for selling, too big, maintenance is suffering. Will sell/trade w/out 9.9 OB. Value between \$5,000-\$10,000. Looking to move down to 19'-26' that is or might be trailerable. FG or wood but FG preferred. Can be a cash/trade situation with your boat as part of deal. See and try offers. Appointments wknds best.
ED CASS, 81 Huff Corner Rd., Wellington ME 04942, (207) 683 2435. (8)



17' Cape Cod Catboat, custom teak cockpit, bead & cove coaming & companionway. Well cared for. On mooring in Sedgewick, ME. Incl twin axle trlr, new sail cover. Mooring negotiable. \$14,000.
JOHN LARRABEE, Orland, ME, (207) 469-2670, johnbl53@yahoo.com (8)

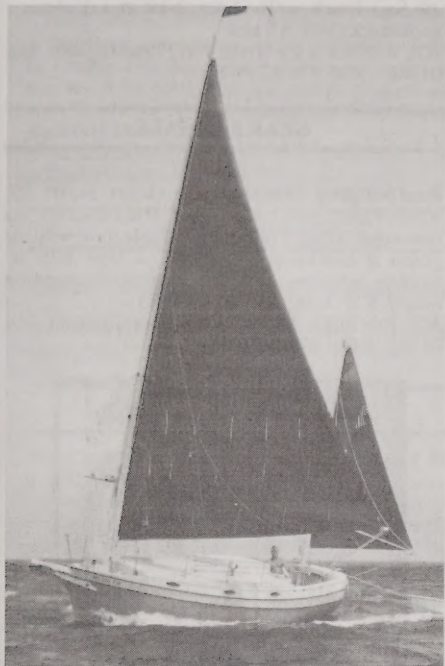
Boat Clearance: 14' San Francisco Bay Pelican, classic design, sails, rigging compl, could use paint. Incl bldng plans, trlr. \$600. **8' Dinghy**, used once. Kit boat stitch & glue constr. 3 seats, center lockable compartment, 8' oars w/leathers. \$450. **17' Mahogany Plywood Rowboat**, V hull, narrow beam, fast, 2 rowing stations, 5 seats. Nice looking boat, red hull, white seats, varnished interior. Incl 8' spoon blade oars & trlr. \$1,800. **16' Cedar Strip Solo Canoe**, MCA Pirate Model incl single & dble paddles. Weight 45lbs. \$600. **17' Whitehall Style Cedar Strip Hull**, huge boat. \$300. **22' Laguna Poptop Sailboat**, vy well equipped, 3 jibs, main, spinnaker, all new lines, slps 5, galley, porta potti, trlr. \$6,000. **22' Sailboat, Inland Marine**, '40, Duluth, MN. Sloop rig could be converted to yawl, bulb keel, lg cabin, trlr. Located Ashland, WI. Free. **JERRY SICARD**, Brooklyn Park, MN, (763) 535-3799, gtsicard@wwdb.org (8)

Too Many Boats, nd to clean out garage. Currently ready for sale is an 8' plywood pram, 17' Whitehall, & a yacht tender. Please call for more information. **RICK SWAIN**, W. Paris, ME, (207) 674 2464, Rswain@exploremaine.com (8)

14' Melonseed Skiff, w/trlr. Both exc cond. \$6,000.
ED GREENE, Duxbury, MA, (781) 934-2909. (8)



12' Rowboat, cedar over bent oak ribs, copper clench nailed. 95% orig. Could be Penn Yan Cartopper blt '30s. No broken ribs but transom nds work. \$325.
WICK THOMPSON, Harbor Hts., FL, (941) 625-9720, woodwind@nut-n-but.net (8)



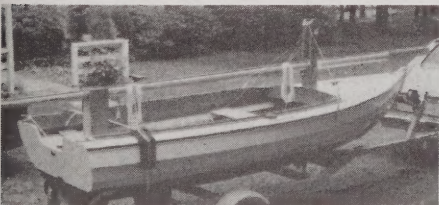
One of Bolger's Best, able attractive clipper bow, raised deck, shoal draft coastal cruiser for 2. 26' on deck, 10' beam, 27" draft CB up. Professionally blt to highest standards & finish. Gorgeous interior w/2 lg dbl bunks, head, galley. 22hp Yanmar Diesel, Furuno radar, GPS, VHF, depthsounder, Sea-Frost refrigeration. Top cond. Extensive inventory. \$80,000.
PETER MC CORMICK, Marion, MA, (508) 748-2055. (8)

11' 6" Penguin #8802, wood. Blt late '60's?. Fully refurbished. Exc trainer, grt for 1 or 2 adults. Enormous racing class, favorite for frostbiting. Fitted cover. \$750. Can deliver ME to MD.
JEFF HILLIER, North Hampton, NH, (603) 964-5074, <jfhillier@aol.com> (7)

17' Blue Dolphin Sloop, '78 FG, vg cond. CB, 3 hatches (1 is ice chest), sails unused since professionally redone. Sears 3hp OB low hrs. Fast, steady. Capacity 6 adults.
DON REINSFELDER, St. Louis, MO, (314) 434-3520, fiaqre@sbcglobal.net (8)

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FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

Rowing Shells, Fernald's Marine now dealer for Alden rowing shells. Over 57 years selling rowing, sailing craft, canoes, kayaks & skiffs at River Parker.
FERNALD'S MARINE, 291 High Rd. (Rte 1A), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)



14.5' Sailing Semi-Dory, wood constr, blt to John Gardner's plans as published in *The Dory Book*. asteped in tabernacle for easy trailering. New trlr tires. Main & jib, all lines, oars, anchor, trlr incl. \$1,500.
WARREN MANGER, Chalfont, PA, (215) 453-5128. (8)

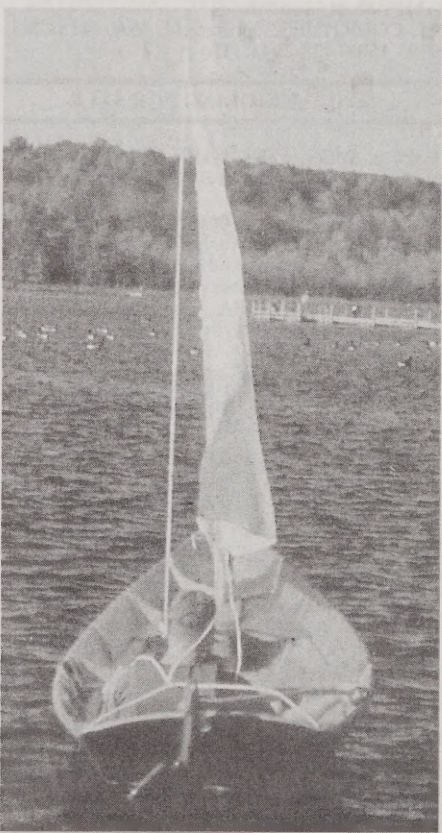


Stonington Pulling Boat, single/double sliding seat, 16' Kevlar re-inforced ltwt hull (80lbs) w/teak trim & bronze fittings, w/2 compl Piantadosi Ro-Wing sliding seat units. Surprisingly fast & dry w/room for cooler, camping gear, etc. Stern seat allows bow facing passenger w/single rigger in fwd position. Lightly used, exc cond. \$2,950. \$3,500 w/2 pr carbon fiber shaft sculls.
JOHN SPENCER, Topsfield, MA, (978) 561-1182, <jkspencer@attbi.com> (7)

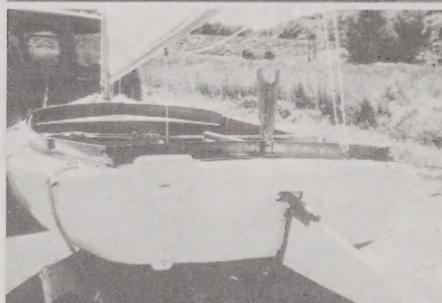
1968 Pearson Triton, 28 1/2' FG sloop, no engine, Carl Alberg design, steel cradle. Best Offer.
JOHN GIULIETTI, Vernon, CT, (860) 643 7075, <waterguy@attbi.com> (7)

14' Wood & Canvas Open Maine Guide Boat & Trailer, Exc cond, completely refurbished '02. \$1,500 for both.
TOM or ELLEN LAROSE, Framingham, MA, (508) 877 3245. (7)

13 1/2' Chamberlain Rowing/Sailing Skiff, Sprit sailing rig like new. Hull in vy gd shape. No trlr. \$1,100.
ROGER SHERMAN, 5588 E. Lake Rd., Conesus, NY 14435, (585) 346 9871, <rcs356c@aol.com> (7)



Heidi Skiff, Rich Kolin's 12' skiff w/spritsail rig, birdsmouth spar. Traditionally blt cedar on white oak. \$2,000.
RICK LAPP, Muncy, PA, (570) 546 8372, <Lappfam@alltel.net> (8)



18' Penn Yan Canoe, '54, FG over original cedar, vy gd cond. \$950/OBRO cash. **BB Swan**, '48, 12'4" L x 6' W. FG w/wood trim, all orig, exc cond. \$1,850 OBRO cash. **16' Catboat**, hull only, 6' beam, FG over cedar. 80% compl. Would make a nice launch., \$300 cash.
LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216. (7)

Finn #761, Olympic Class single handed planing sailboat w/trlr ready to sail. \$900 OBO
H. CHAMPAGNEY, 77 Halladay Dr., W. Suffield, CT 06093, (860) 668-7695. (8)

'81 AMF Trac 14 Catamaran, easy to sail & fast for 1 or 2 people, light weight, FG, multicolored main & jib (sail area 150sf total), ready to go, hulls fold to make it narrower for trailering. \$800. **11.5' Bolger Dart**, unique boat, front position CB, 75sf spritsail, written up in "Boats With an Open Mind. \$400. Can deliver within 75 miles.
HERB HUCKINS, Loudon, NH, (603) 267 7285. (7)



21' Sea Pearl, '88, sail w/wo proa port hull, easy demountable, fast as the tri version. Evinrude 2.5, trlr, all equipment. Gd cond. \$3,600.
HOWARD SCHAFER, Stuart, FL, (772) 225-3812. (7)

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Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

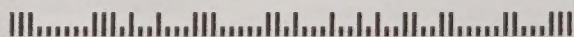
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